The Bystander, June 22, 1921, No. 916. Vol. LXX.

The BYSTANDER

BY WILMOT LUNT

BELFAST—JUNE 22, 1921

A RIGHT ROYAL TOAST: "GOD SAVE IRELAND!"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540). 2.30 and 7.45.
GROCK & "PARTNER," MAUD ALLAN, ARTHUR PRINCE & "JIM," STANLEY BRETT & CO., HARU ONUKI, CYCLING BRUNETTES, Etc.

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in "A FAMILY MAN"
A Comedy by John Galsworthy
NIGHTLY at 8.30. MATS. TUESDAY & FRIDAY at 2.30.

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JOSÉ COLLINS and Full Cast.
Every Evening, at 8. Mats. Tues. (except 28th.) and Thurs., at 2.15.
Extra Mats., Sat. Next and July 30, at 2.15.

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Nightly at 8.15. Matinées, Wed. and Sat., at 2.30.
VIOLET VANBRUGH
in "THE KNAVE OF DIAMONDS."

STRAND. (Ger. 3830). ARTHUR BOURCHIER
in "A SAFETY MATCH." By IAN HAY.
KYRLE BELLEW.
NIGHTLY at 8. MATINÉES, WED. and THURS. at 2.30.

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Sketches by Victor Hicks

Lax Police Officers

At one time the police made themselves ridiculous with their traps for motors on perfectly safe stretches of road outside London. To-day, I think, they are too lenient to the speeding car inside London. Street accidents are far too numerous and are increasing. The greatest offender is the fast private car. Especially on the roads leading into central London does it bully the rest of the traffic, cutting in and going too far out for the purpose of overtaking. At present the commercial traffic on the streets is below normal on account of the partial paralysis of business due to the coal strike. When, if ever, its volume is restored these private cars will have to be dealt with. They belong chiefly to the "new motorist."

A bas International Agitators

Admiral Sims has again done a good turn to his own country and ours. He has boldly denounced in this country those in his own who are striving year in and year out to set the two at enmity. The good effect in America has evidently been great and immediate. It has opened the eyes of sensible people there to the serious mischief the "hyphenated" American is doing. It only remains now for some prominent Englishman in America to denounce the Englishmen who are working hand-in-hand with these German and Irish-Americans in the States. Our unpatriotic countrymen cannot work very much in the open here for obvious reasons. But most people would, I am sure, be both surprised and angry if they saw what these people are doing all the time in the anti-British Press of the United States—and often they are people whose names alone carry great weight.

A Criminal Shame

I suppose it would be wrong to introduce another possible element of discord into the present industrial turmoil. But when the time comes, as, sooner or later, one imagines that it must, for a general settlement, there is one very important point which at the moment seems neglected. That is the scandal of the workmen's ballot. We know now that it is not secret, that the merest boys vote, and that it is not unusual for some men to fill in three or four papers for men who otherwise would not vote at all. This is nothing short of criminal when such great issues are at stake as those involved in a modern industrial dispute. The ballot should be as carefully organised and handled as in a Parliamentary election. It really seems a matter for a Parliamentary Bill.

A Great Traveller

The born adventurer never has his fill. Here is Mr. Roger Pocock busy at Tromsoë fitting out the sealing sloop *Terningen* for the Oxford University Expedition to Spitsbergen. It seems only a few days ago that I was chatting with him, chiefly about things literary, and one might have thought that this soft-voiced, gentle-mannered man, with an almost white beard, would have been content to go on quietly with his writing work. But men like Pocock are ever listening for the call of the wild. He has a souvenir of the Klondike in the shape of a foot that has lost its front end from frost-bite. He is an old North-West Mounted Policeman. He has "adventured" all over America and Canada, and put in a lot of good

By Fred Buchanan

THE "TEST" MATCH—BUT IS IT A "SAFETY" ONE?

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

work in the Great War, both in England and at the front. If I could properly set down all the stories of travel and adventure in the rough places and amongst the rough people of the world that Pocock has told me, my name would be familiar to every British schoolboy. His sister is Miss Lena Ashwell, the well-known actress.

A "Black and White" Event

It is not in my province to discuss what the colour of Ascot was this year. One very important journal prophesied that it was to be a "yellow Ascot," then I read rumours of "black and white," and wondered whether this was a tip to back any horses that Sir James Buchanan might have running. In the event, I read generally that it was a "black and white Ascot." As I say, it is not for me to argue about. I was not there, unfortunately, but THE BYSTANDER had other competent people on the spot to settle the all-important question. As far as I can make out from ladies who were there it was an Ascot of all colours and combinations of colour.

In the Right Spirit

For me, it was good to read of the Royal procession and the great reception of the King and Queen. Some there are, and worthy people, I admit, who deprecate these gorgeous and expensive shows *de luxe* in such troublous times. To me they are of good omen. In pessimistic moments I may think of them as signs of reckless despair, of a reckless grasping at a bit of fun before the smash. But in reality I know they indicate a spirit of confidence in our destiny. The Englishman's temperament is not that of the Nero who fiddled when his Rome was burning.

"Latest City Wear"

Why was the Norfolk jacket called "Norfolk"? And since when exactly, and why, has it been re-christened the "sports jacket"? I read in an evening paper that the vogue of the sports jacket is "gradually cutting out the lounge suit for ordinary business wear," and that it is actually being worn daily in the "City" by many business men. The reason, this writer assigns to the City popularity of the jacket, is its "free-and-easy comfort and the fact that almost any style of trousers will match with it." I have my doubts. Although the "topper" and frock, and, later, morning-coat, have suffered a severe set-back there, I can hardly believe in the "sports" and "almost any style of trousers."

Dress Reform Necessary

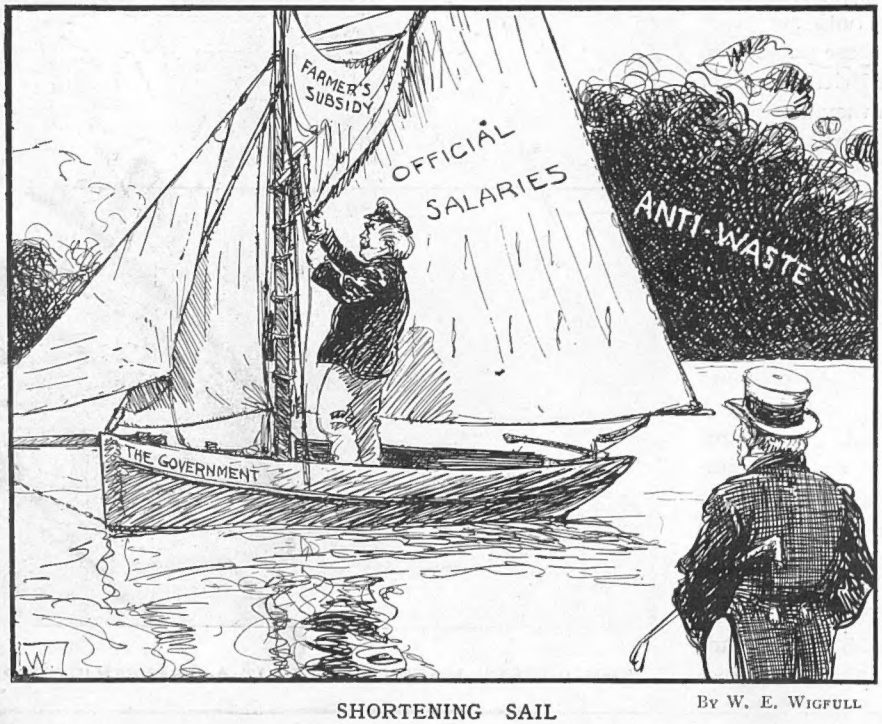
But the "Norfolk," or "sports," jacket is certainly a powerful garment. Over thirty years ago it was the daytime jacket of practically every undergraduate at Oxford and Cambridge, who generally wore grey flannel trousers with it, winter and summer. It was not then so generally worn by the rest of mankind. To-day it seems, in fearful and wonderful shapes, to hold pride of place in nearly every cheap tailor-shop window. But surely not in the City! It will get to Ascot next if we are not careful!

Disappointments of the Census

I am a disappointed man. In common with several million others I duly received a census form and filled it up on Sunday evening. But after having read advance notices of what was in store, I really expected an interesting half-hour or so on the job. Instead of that it was just a rather dull five minutes. I suppose the people with largish households who have to write for an additional couple of forms have had a better time—been able to "spread themselves" a bit, so to speak. But the man with a modest three or four had no fun at all.

An Opportunity Missed and—

In point of fact, those responsible have missed a golden opportunity for obtaining the views of the country generally upon important matters, free from "baby-kissing" and other legitimate, but calculated, persuasion on the part of electioneering agents and professional politicians. There should have been at least half a dozen columns in which we should have been instructed to put down our own unvarnished opinions on the subjects of, say, Sinn Fein, German Reparations, Dr. Addison's salary, "Pussyfoot" the L.C.C., etc., etc.



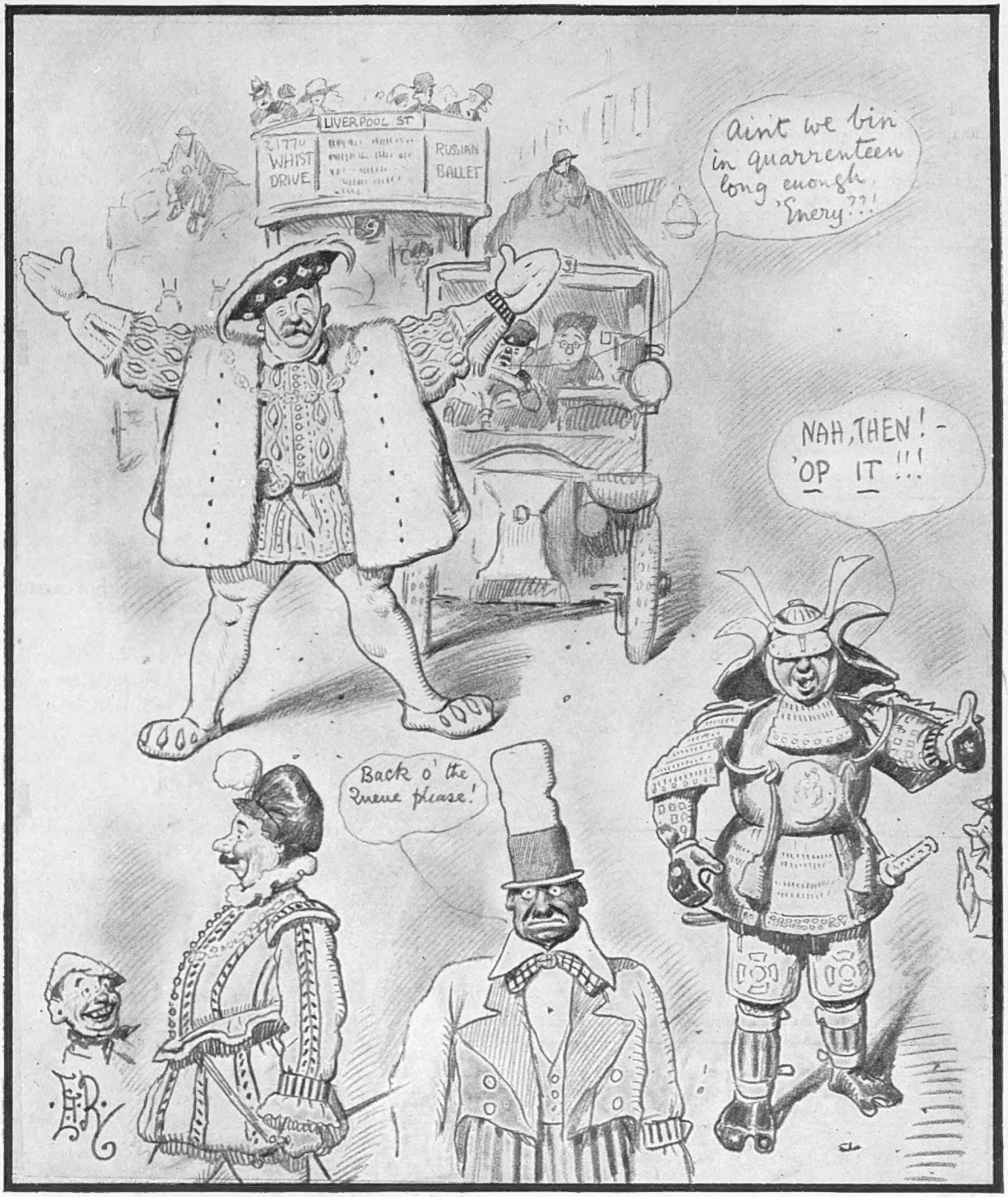
SHORTENING SAIL

By W. E. Wigfull

JOHN BULL: "Better take a big reef in that mains'll, too!

—Some Compensations

But quite the most entertaining part of the Census Form was the "Examples." And instructive, too. One learns, for instance, for the first



By E. T. Reed

REFRESHING VARIETY IN POLICE COSTUME

Now that the Police have appeared as Arabs (tent-pegging at the Richmond Horse Show), etc., we may hope for a delightful absence of uniform-ity on duty

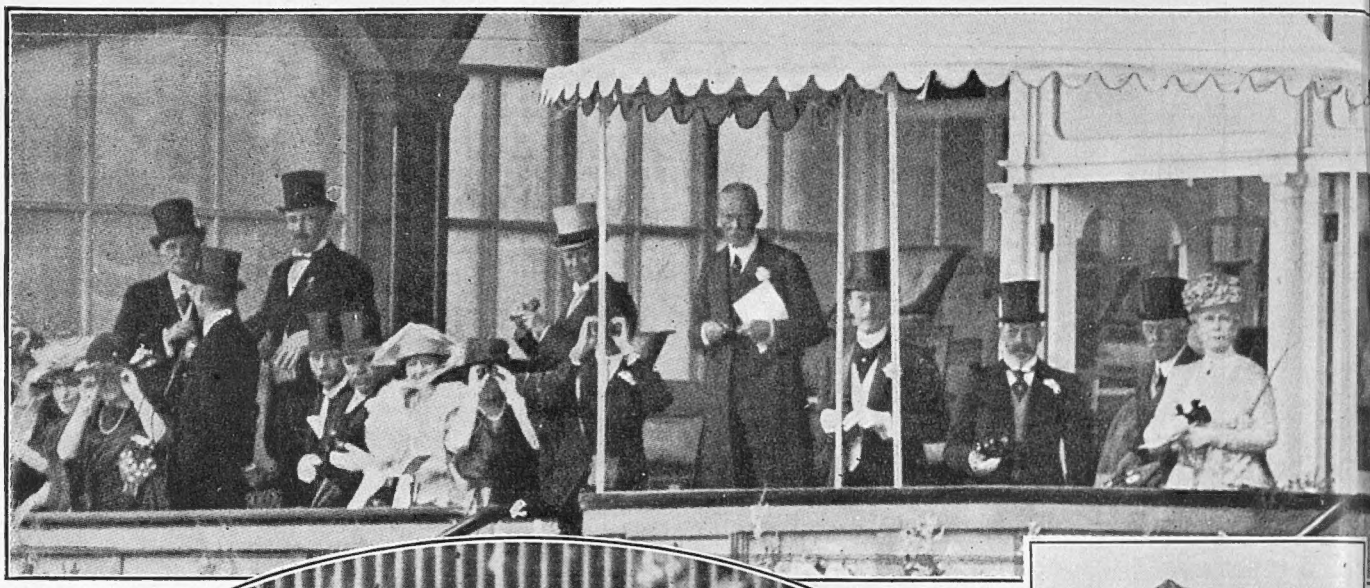
time (at least, that was my humble experience) of the existence of a "Walk Clerk" in a bank. Good job, that, evidently, and, at any rate, leads somewhere; no cul-de-sac or stand-still about a "Walk Clerk."

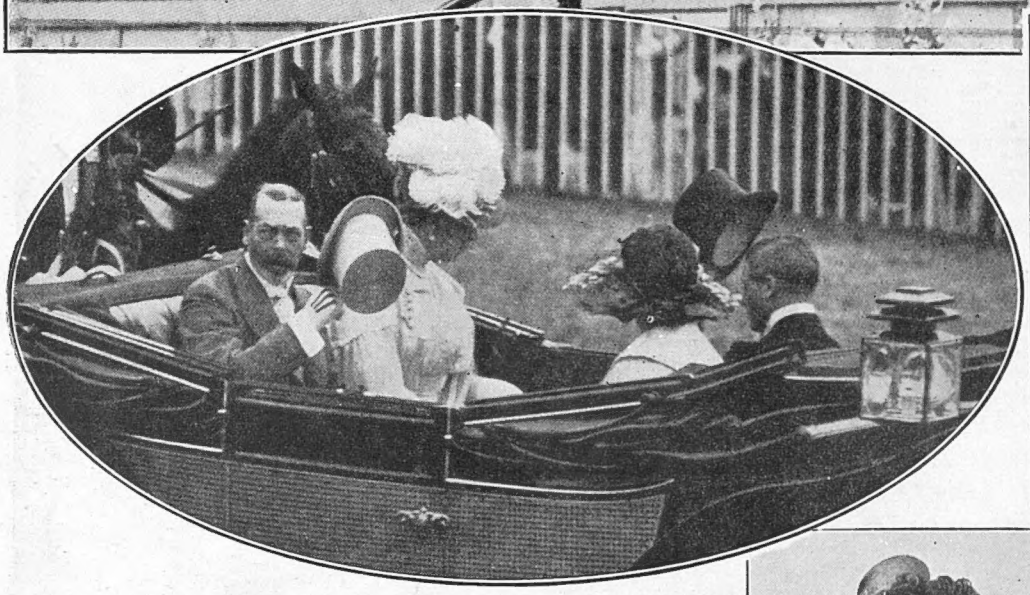
The "Little Piecer"

Then there is the "Little Piecer," with the X.Y.Z. Spinning Company. I don't think I should be very keen about being a "Little Piecer." I'm all for piecework and payment by results and that sort of thing—but a "Little Piecer," no, I don't think I want to be one of them.

A Summer Note

The Summer Number of *The Graphic* is a welcome reminder of holidays now upon us. Delightful haunts at home and abroad, at the seaside, up the river, and in the mountains, are pictured with refreshing originality. There are excellent drawings in colour and black and white by such well-known artists as Gilbert Holiday, Donald Maxwell, Reginald Cleaver, Will Owen, and Howard Elcock; articles and stories by able writers, along with a pictorial record of current events, go to complete a cleverly attractive number.





Photograph *Topical Press*

ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS

The King and Queen, Princess Mary, and the Prince of Wales received tremendous ovations on their visits to the Royal Meeting. Despite industrial troubles, Ascot was the most brilliant affair since 1914

FAMOUS EXPLORER

Mrs. Rositer Forbes walking in the paddock at Ascot last week. Her trying experiences and exciting adventures in the desert do not seem to have affected her good spirits

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Secret of Black and Grey

IN the old time before the War—which seems now to be coeval with Noah—Ascot undoubtedly set the fashions for the year. At least, so my lady acquaintances tell me. As I predicted last week, there was nothing startling in the way of dress. Here and there certainly there were dresses that our neighbours across the Channel call *voyantes*, but I think they were worn by dames who have flowers in silver vases in their motors.

The Royal Enclosure was a study in black and white and grey—as if most of the women had felt, "Well, I am certainly going to Ascot, but I must remember the coal strike."

A lady, who knows all the weavings and inter-weavings of the *haute monde*, told me that the actual reason for this sudden affection for sober blacks and greys and dull browns was that the well-dressed women of the moment regards all the *criarde* colours in which she so lately bedecked herself as rather *mauvais ton!* So soon can fashion change when expensive fashions are reproduced in cheap material! And that is the secret.

Photograph *Sport and General*

LADY MAINWARING

In the enclosure at Ascot. She is the daughter of Sir Richard Henry Williams-Bulkeley and the wife of Sir Harry Stapleton Mainwaring

A Very Royal Ascot

THE King and Queen had a tremendous reception as they drove down the course with all the glory of bewigged postillions and a blaze of Royal scarlet. There's no doubt about it, we do like to see the outward symbols of the Royal State, and we like the fact to be emphasised

ROYAL ASCOT

A view of the Royal Grand Stand at Ascot last week. The King and Queen, with the Duke of Connaught standing between them, can be seen watching the first race, just underneath the white awning

that Ascot is a Court function.

One fact leapt to the eye. In the Royal Enclosure there was not a single bowler or Homburg hat to be seen. Tall hats and morning coats were *de rigueur*. In the other enclosures the tall hat was conspicuous by its rarity.

If the general slackness in men's clothes for the occasion goes on, the time will shortly come when the morning coat will be as extinct as the frock-coat. At luncheons or tea-parties now, even in old-fashioned houses, it is the rarest thing to see a man in a tail-coat, and the majority of the younger men wear soft collars.

Personally I think it is a pity—it robs the London season of its old distinction and smartness. But he would be a brave man—unless he were a Labour leader—who would go to any Royal function in the daytime in a lounge suit and a bowler hat

Photograph *Tom Aitken*

IN THE PADDOCK

Lady Moira Coombes with her husband, Major Coombes

Photograph *Sport and General*

SOCIETY AT ASCOT

Lady Waterlow and Miss Blackwell taking a stroll between the races

Photograph *Tom Aitken*

LADY ATHLUMNEY

With Miss Bunsen seem to have made a special feature of parasols. Dresses surpassed all previous brilliance of colour and design at Ascot

Pas de "Bubbly"

ASCOT is the pleasantest function of the whole season, and comes just at the time when those attractive things, strawberries and cream, asparagus and salmon, make an *al fresco* luncheon a delight.

But this year I noticed the old familiar round of popping champagne corks was absent from the Club tents. Mumm and Roederer, La Veuve Clicquot and Heidsick, may make champagne, but coal strikes prevent the most hospitable from buying it.

Where the Shoe Pinches

SPEAKING of the coal strike, an acquaintance told me the other day that her husband has been losing £400 a week since the strike began.

Practically the whole of his income comes from his mines. He

Photographs

CAPTAIN THE MARQUIS DE LOS TRUJILLOS
Who represents Spain in the jumping contests

CAPTAIN COUNT VON ROSEN
Riding at Olympia for Sweden's honour

LT. DON JOSE NAVARRO
Another horseman of wonderful capabilities from Spain

W. A. Rouch

CAPTAIN DE LAISSARDIERE
From France, distinguished himself well in the jumping contests at Olympia last year

FEATURING IN THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW

has a big place in the country, a house in London, a large family, so what with current expenses that can't be cut down all in a moment, allowances, jointures, taxation, and all the etceteras that fall upon a man with a big estate, his position is most difficult.

In his case it is especially hard, as he has always considered his miners. Naturally, the town house has been shut up this season, the establishment in doors and out at the country place has been reduced to the minimum, and he and his family are living in one wing. The rest of the house is closed, and is likely to remain closed.

Photograph *Bassano, Ltd.*

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGE
Lady Mabel Janetta Cholmeley whose marriage to Colonel Walter Lambert, D.S.O., will be solemnised at Holy Trinity, Brompton, next week. Lady Cholmeley is the widow of Sir Montague A. E. Cholmeley and eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Montague Waldo Sibthorp, Canwick Hall, Lincoln

Photograph *Lafayette, Ltd.*

ORGANISING A CHARITY DANCE
Miss Erica Beale, who has the entire organisation of the "Eve-of-Henley Ball" on her shoulders. The dance is in aid of St. Bernard's Convalescent Home, and takes place next Tuesday, the 28th, at Hyde Park Hotel

"Business as Usual"

THE great excitement this week is the Horse Show at Olympia. It is surprising, when you come to think of it, how calmly we go on following the yearly protocol in spite of strikes and rumours of strikes.

And it is an excellent thing that we do go on. The root basis of these strikes is the hope that one section of the community will gain its demands by the terrorisation of all the other sections. But the other sections just quietly refuse to be terrorised, and when there is no coal some ingenious person turns coal-engines on the railways into oil-engines, and motors carry thousands of folk to the Derby and hundreds to Ascot.

The inspirers of these strikes are rather like the Fat Boy in *Pickwick*, "I'll make yer flesh creep!" But it doesn't come off, and somehow—by oil-engine or motor—people go on doing exactly what they want to do.

"Relativity"

PERHAPS it is because people can't dance as much as they would like to that Professor Einstein has become the very latest craze. People are prattling about his "Relativity" just as they used to prattle about the Russian Ballet when it first descended upon us—only there was more for the prattlesome mind to grasp in the Russian Ballet than there is in the Einstein theory.

Frankly, I give it up, and only wish some of the young women who have reduced me to dither—you know the stage that comes after utter boredom—would do the same. So far as I can gather, according to Einstein everything that is and always has been isn't there at all.

If his theory were proved to be correct, what a happy hour! There would be no income-tax, the Divorce Court would have to close its doors, and the Judges could sit at home six days a week and play Patience instead of having to work on Saturdays, because everybody who is married wouldn't be married.

"Leading Lights"

BY "THE TOUT"

SOME POLO PERSONALITIES

Who have figured largely in the many International Trials at Hurlingham

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE (concluded)

Such a Dear Old Lady!

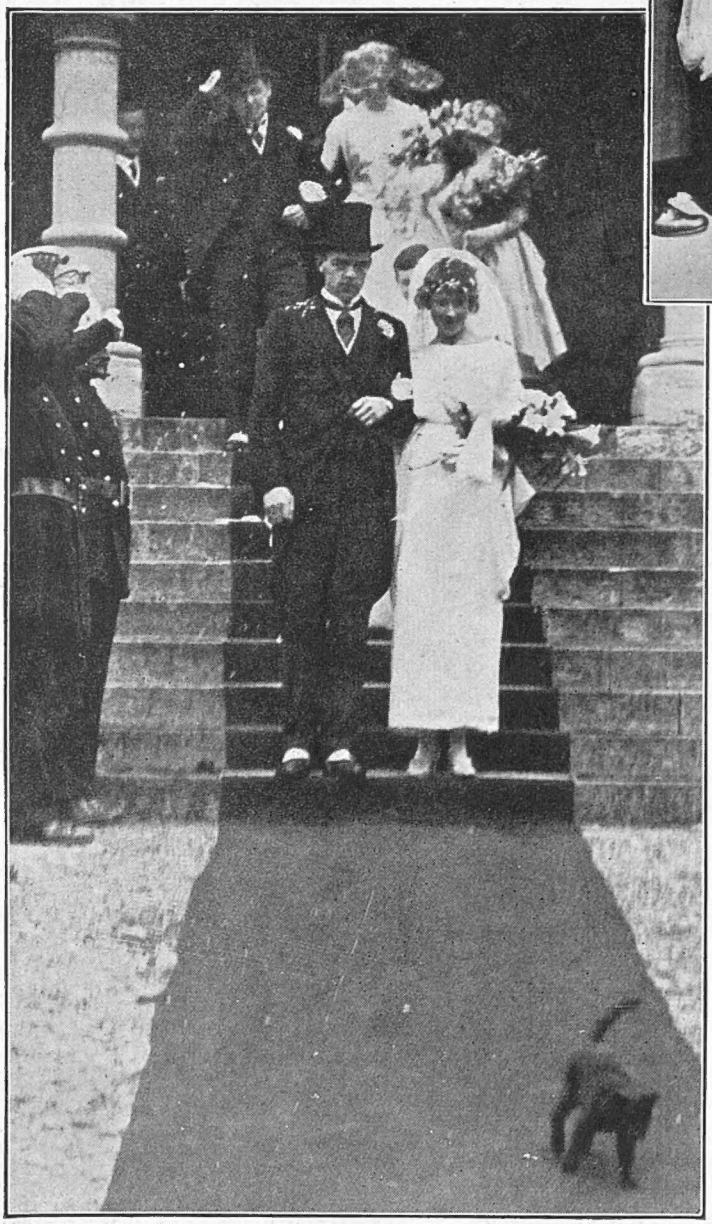
THERE is a dear old lady who has a bitter and unreasoning prejudice against convents and monasteries and those that dwell therein. She is one of those people who forget that four hundred years or so have elapsed since the heyday of the Spanish Inquisition. So strong is her prejudice that since a monastery was established in her neighbourhood in the country she makes a *détour* of two miles when driving along a certain road, so that she may not even get a view of the building.

Going down Bond Street on a recent afternoon she saw on a newspaper poster, "Victoria Monks Arrested."

"Ah!" she cried to her companion, "the Colonies always show us the way in common-sense. If only our Government would do the same with these men in England."

The New Royal Highnesses

A FRIEND who has recently come from Greece tells me that Princess Christopher (so well-known in London as Mrs. Leeds, the rich American widow) has become immensely popular, and that her new Royal dignity has brought her neither "airs" nor "graces." The marriage of her son to a daughter of the Grand Duchess George of Russia shows that American millions having conquered ducal houses may now aspire to the steps of thrones.



Photographs *Farringdon Photo Co.*

"CATH DDU LWCUS!"

Mr. Gwilym Lloyd George leaving the church with his bride, Miss Edna Jones, after their wedding at Carnarvon last week. The Prime Minister and Mrs. Lloyd George were present. The little cat augurs well for their happiness

THE VEREKER-SURTEES WEDDING

The Hon. Standish Vereker, brother of Viscount Gort, V.C., with his bride, Miss Betty Surtees, after the ceremony at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street

Another change in the old unbreakable rule that Royal blood must mate with Royal blood is the engagement of the Duc de Montpensier, brother of Queen Amélie of Portugal, the Duc d'Orleans, and the Duchess d'Aosta, to a Spanish lady. The future Duchess is certainly of the bluest blood in Spain, but before the War no Bourbon would have dreamt of marrying outside the Royal circle. His family would have regarded such a marriage as morganatic. Now, morganatic marriages seem to have been swept by the board on the Continent as they have been in England.

And this gives one to think. Who will our four Princes marry?

Who's Who at Wimbledon

WIMBLEDON this year, despite industrial upheavals, should be an outstanding success, both from a society and sports point of view. The King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, will most certainly run down to watch some of the exciting matches on the Centre Court. In our forthcoming issue we have arranged for a double page of caricatures by Phyllis Kermode of all the favourite and best players—Tilden, Mdlle. Lenglen, Shimidzu, Lycett, Roper Barrett, etc., etc. It would be advisable to place an advance order with your librarian for this number.

THE PRINCE OF WALES ON FOREST WITCH

From the painting by Alfred Munnings, A.R.A., which has recently been added to the exhibition of the Royal Academy. H.R.H. has graciously accepted the picture as a birthday gift in commemoration of the Hunting Season 1920-21

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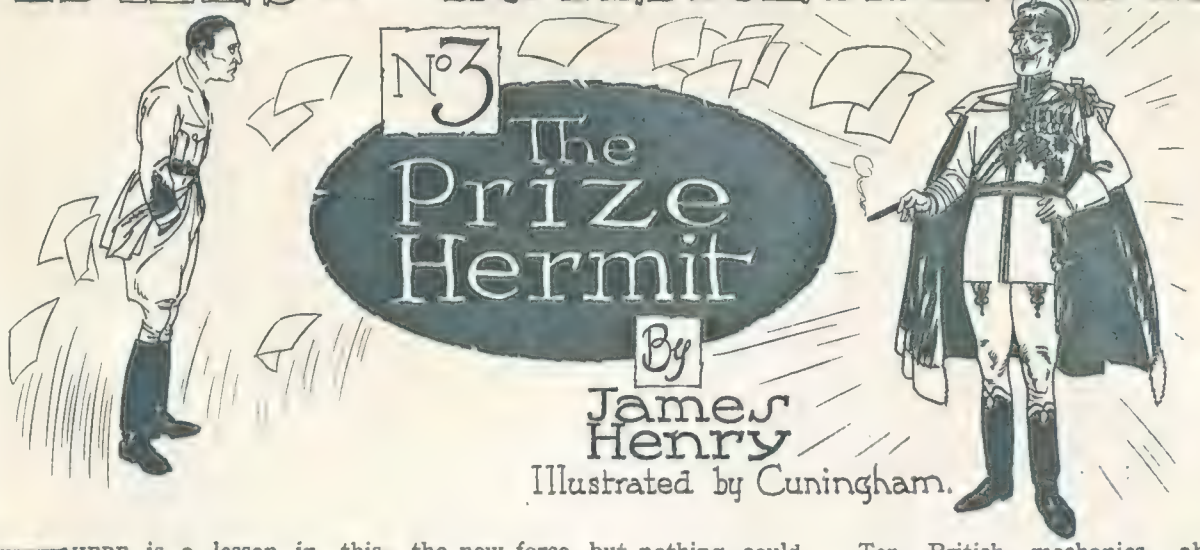


No. 3 The Prize Hermit

By James Henry

Illustrated by Cuningham.

THERE is a lesson in this story if you look for it.

The Catchucalian Mission, under Wing-Commander Robert Dale, D.S.O., had as its job the founding and training the Catchucalian Air Force on R.A.F. lines. Which sounded easy in Kingsway, but bore a somewhat different complexion on the spot.

Catchucalia's motto is "Next Week," and it lives up to it wholeheartedly. The heat makes work after ten in the morning undesirable, and few people are so foolish as to attempt it earlier. Moreover, Saints' Days and Festas occur on an average three times a week, and on these days all activities are centred on prayer or revelling. In such conditions only invincible driving-power kept the officers and men of the little mission to the halter. Everything and everybody combined to defeat their efforts. There were political upheavals and general elections. Money was frequently lacking, even for the purposes of pay. Conscripts from mediæval villages did not take easily to the handling of fine tools, or the nursing of valuable machines and engines. Certainly the flower of Catchucalia came forward to officer the new force, but nothing could induce them to realise that their new uniforms were not intended solely for parading the *plaza* and filling the eyes of the feminine populace. They did not approve of anything so vulgar as work, and they did not take too easily even to flying, until the Wing-Commander hit on the sound principle of securing for his pupils advances in their various orders of gallantry for each flight made. Starting from the order of St. Dodicanus on completion of one's solo, one worked through the nine classes of St. Ardua to the blaze of St. Piloto, and so forth. There was a prescriptive right to a Star-of-Superhuman-Heroism, 3rd Class, on bringing off a flight of over fifty miles. All crashes received the Cross of Divine Pity.

Flying instruction boomed for a time, and the Wing-Commander's heart was uplifted. But——not so easily is Catchucalia led to paths of virtue.

"Uniforms intended solely for parading the *plaza*"

Ten British mechanics, ably hampered by the native variety, found it difficult to keep pace with the crashes. Spares failed to arrive or were opened and appropriated to base uses by the Customs. Promised buildings rose no higher than their foundations. The pilots won all the decorations and lost interest in flying. . . . But Dale set his teeth, became a diplomat, a bully, a bear-leader, a gross flatterer all in turn, and, because it is dogged as does it, obtained at last his recompense.

A new officer, transferred from the Mountain Artillery, showed from the first a most un-Catchucalian enthusiasm. This may have been due to the mountain air, but more probably came from a very-nearly American mother. Whatever the cause, Paolo Andrododo undoubtedly possessed brains, initiative, and push. He gained all the orders of gallantry in six months. He really studied his machine and engine. He was handsome, charming as a mess-mate, and spoke quite passable English. He mastered without difficulty the beauties of R.A.F. paper work. No forms were too baffling for his intelligence.

So it came about that when the Catchucalian Admiralty decided that a seaplane station on Xmbo, the smallest and most inaccessible of

TALES OF THE PEACE-TIME R.A.F. (*concluded*)

the islands in the greater archipelago, was necessary, and expressed the hope that this might be a purely Catchucalian affair, Andrododo was the one and only possible selection. He received lots of acting stripes, and departed with a large and heterogeneous collection of Bessoneaux, Shorts, mechanics, officers, medical chests, stores, and the Wing-Commander's blessing.

The selection justified itself in every way. Andrododo's reports were concise, clear, and almost literary. His 448's, 354's, 353's, 515's, and all the other forms on which so much R.A.F. efficiency depends, and which make a commanding officer's life one long, happy dream, were promptly to date, and were models of accuracy. He reported his Bessoneaux erected in almost record time, and his first machine flying successfully on the day his temporary slip-way was complete. Dale revelled in his letters. *Damme*, the fellow was an example to the R.A.F. itself. Who said Catchucalia could not produce an Air Force?

In the months that followed Xmbo became famous for complete efficiency, not only throughout Catchucalia itself, but even in the British Air Ministry as the Wing-Commander's glowing records filtered through. The patrols carried out — the purpose of the station was to keep an eye on the unfriendly Asian coast—were as regular as clock-work, and stretched to the last drop of petrol. There were many hazardous forced-landings, and even more hazardous rescues. Yet their tails were well up and the Wing-Commander saw that their constant and heavy demands for stores and spares were supplied to the last iota by the weekly steamer which "fed" the unit.

At last, a period of comparative political calm having set in, Dale was able to satisfy the wish of his heart and received permission to leave the capital and visit Xmbo. His most puissant Majesty Saul IX had decided to reward virtue by the unexampled honour of inspecting personally this unique unit of his forces, and Dale, together with the Secretary-of-State-for-Air, went in his suite. A Star of Superhuman Heroism, First Class, was packed for Andrododo, and with considerable trouble steam was raised in the Royal Yacht.

. . . . . .

Flags flying and orchestra discoursing sweet music in the break of the poop, the yacht entered the bay of Xmbo. Dale stood on the bridge among the galaxy of uniforms and fixed his binoculars on the distant shore.

His attitude tensed suddenly.

"Great snakes," he gasped.

"It was only Dale having hysterics"

Search as he would, there was not a sign of hangars, or slip-way. A solitary hut adorned the foreshore. Dale felt he must have been smitten with madness. His collar became so tight that he tore at it mechanically. The King's voice—laden with astonishment, disapproval, and sarcasm—brought him to himself.

"Perhaps, Meester Wing-Commander," he said, "you 'ad better land an' fin' out what 'ave 'appened to your flying station so beautiful."

With ears tingling Dale descended into the skiff. He did not even wait for the crew to beach her, but leapt into the water and fled like one possessed.

The hut had only one human tenant—an aged shepherd whose dog made a vigorous onslaught until clouted into a corner. Dale broke into hurried inaccurate Patois.

The air station? The old man had never heard of it. Some men in uniform? Oh, yes, they came in a steamer many months ago, but a little later came others—he pointed to the distant Asian coast—and removed them under guard. No, they did not fight. Big packing cases? Yes, the men took them, too, and always when the steamer arrived with more, these were taken the same night. One of the first men always came back to meet the steamer—big, fine young man, a great friend of the steamer's captain—and gave letters in exchange for the great boxes and cases. Was the gentleman by any chance this man? He produced a letter. Dale seized it from him and tore it open.

"Dear Wing-Commander," he read, "I regret much to be absent on this, your first visit to my command, but circumstances have necessitated my friend, Captain Palvo of the *Inia*, and myself paying a prolonged visit to America whither we are leaving to-night. Very many thanks for all your kindness and the prompt supply of stores and money. On the whole the market was not bad.

—Your Respectful Servant,
PAULO ANDRODODO.

'P.S.—I do not think our friends across the water will be able to make great play with the Shorts. I have sawn the longerons somewhat ingeniously, and taken other suitable precautions.

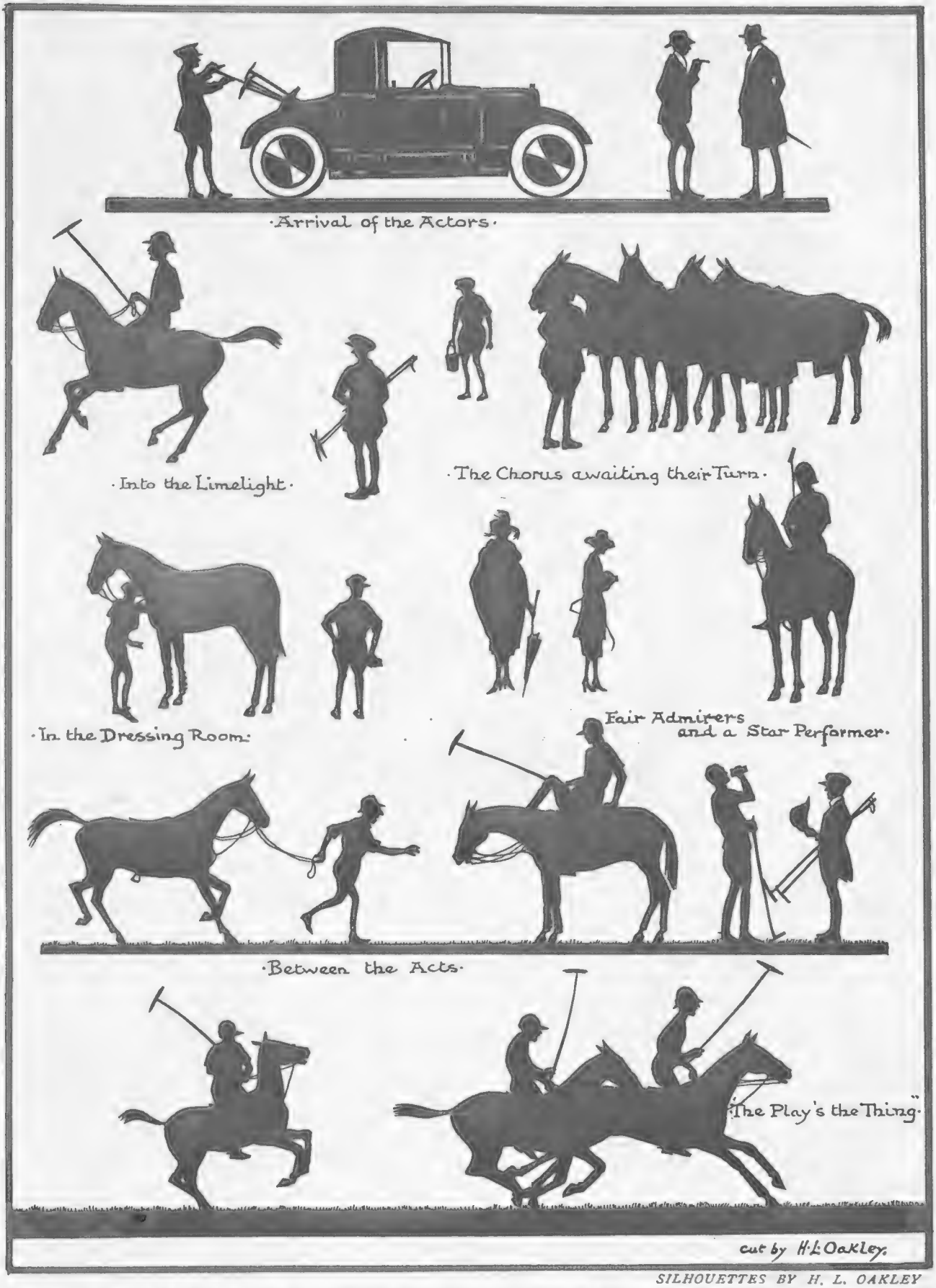
"P.S.S.—My personnel is at present toiling assiduously under surveillance. It will not do them any harm. They are a lazy lot.

"P.S.S.S.—I am arranging to mail you next month's operational and other reports from Alexandria. I hope they will be accurate."

The straining watchers in the yacht heard a sudden unearthly sound and quaked.

They need not. It was only Dale having hysterics.

Behind the Scenes at Hurlingham



SILHOUETTES BY H. L. OAKLEY

The second England-America International Polo Match takes place to-morrow (Wednesday) at Hurlingham

A Team from the Stars

BY E. L. ROBERTS

UNMOVED by the impening (?) decease of *Chu Chin Chow*, the attention of the British public remains rivetted on the attempt to recover the other 'Ashes" (recently mislaid in Australia !). Nothing, it has constantly been stated, must be allowed to interfere with this quest, and as the official Selectors have failed to produce a team capable of giving universal satisfaction, the breakfast-tables in all parts of England resound with the disputations of critics engaged in unofficial team-building.

As a result many more or less useful proposals have been put forward, but no one as yet has ventured to suggest that an eleven eminently fitted to put up a good show might be chosen from the ranks of our famous homefed—er, BRED, comedians.

Why not? The arguments in favour of such a side are overwhelming. Comedians, for instance, are accustomed to all sorts and conditions of pitches. So inured are they to every kind of acclamation that the most ferocious "barracking" would not disturb their equanimity; and as most of them already know what it means to get "the bird," a duck or two would have little effect on their moral. Finally, no comedian worth his salt—not to mention his salary—ever allows himself to be stumped in public.

In other ways, too, the members of such a team would hold the whip hand. It is inconceivable, for instance, that Mr. George Robey would tamely allow Mr. Gregory to endanger the famous eyebrows by short-pitched "expresses" without some characteristic protest. Probably he would merely murmur, "SHURRUP!" and the unfortunate trundler would be carried to the dressing-room in convulsions.

Mr. Nelson Keys, too, might cause a flutter in the breasts of any superstitious Australian whose belief in the supernatural had been nourished by a study of the writings of Sir A. Conan Doyle or the Rev. Vale Owen in the Sunday papers.

For example, having opened the innings (as himself) with Mr. George Robey, and been withdrawn after a short "run," Mr. Keys could make one of his quick changes and come in again, first wicket down, as Dr. W. G. Grace. Such a manifestation of super-astral activity would demoralise the simple Antipodeans; and if, when Mr. Robey retired to keep a charity matinée engagement, Mr. Lupino Lane shot up through a specially prepared "trap" in the wicket, the discomfiture of the opposition would be complete, and the way paved for a record "run," as it were.

A "breakdown" by Mr. Jack Hulbert, just as Mr. Mailey was debating whether he should let loose a comic googly or keep to "straight" stuff, would be liable to confuse the bowler—so much so that he would probably bowl a wide . . . and wides win matches when there are enough of them!

Mr. Leslie Henson would prove a tower of strength (on a small scale) to such a team. Embedded in "outside" pads, armed with a Brobdingnagian bat (mechanical effects by Mr. Heath Robinson), and making a noise like a popping-crease, Mr. Henson would be a sight to instil renewed hope into despondent English hearts.

It has been stated over and over again that all and any means must be employed to win the Test Matches, and yet this simple idea has occurred to no responsible party. Should it be adopted the Australians—continuous laughter being very exhausting indeed—might insist on shorter hours of play; but that disadvantage would be more than counterbalanced by the fact that the comedians would stipulate for an unlimited supply of limelight to be switched on to any opposing fielder who seemed likely to make a catch.

From a box-office point of view the advantages are obvious. The match would be a certain "draw," and to witness such a contest the public would willingly pay increased prices—a matter which might safely be left in the experienced hands of Mr. C. B. Cochran. E. L. R.

"CURRIED" TOO FAR! By ELSA COURLANDER

SUMMER VISITOR: "Will you make us a little curry to-day, Mrs. Plinge?"
LANDLADY: "Well, mum, I 'aven't curried anything since me poor 'usband died!"

"She Loves Me"—

BY G. E. STUDDY

—"She Loves Me Not!"

Racing and Polo in India

POLO AT OOTACAMUND

Some excellent play was witnessed at the recent Polo Tournament at Ootacamund. The Maharajah of Mysore watching the game with Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Willingdon and their party

Photographs THE GRAND STAND *Photo Press*

A general view of the stand on the Governor's Cup Day. Ootacamund is one of the most popular of the hill towns in the hot weather, the Madras Government retiring there, thus making it one of the most fashionable resorts for *le monde qui s'amuse*. Inset: "Queen of Poland," owned by Mrs. C. N. Nadias, winner of the Sheffield Plate over a course of 1½ miles.

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

PENALTY 8

BY

ARTHUR MILLS

Extract from the Rules of Polo.—"In the case of a player being disabled by a foul Penalty 8 may be exacted by the side that has been fouled."

THE two teams left in the final of the All-Comers' Polo Tournament were the "Spears" and the Royal Rutlandshire Rifles. Special interest attached to the match, as the "Spears" were a famous polo-playing regiment, while the infantrymen were an unknown quantity.

The Rutlandshire Rifles were quartered in Khartoum. They possessed one notable player in Bunny Morley, but otherwise no member of the side or any of the ponies were up to the Lancers' standard.

The "Spears" were the smartest possible thing in cavalry regiments. Inhabitants of Cairo felt that the British Government had done them an honour in posting the "Spears" to Egypt. The "Spears" took the same view.

Most of the officers were men of wealth and position. There was, for example, Lord Wittingham. Seldom was there a young man better endowed with looks, health, and wealth. Lord Wittingham had also an eye like a hawk, for which reason he played No. 2 in the "Spears" team, and became famous as a goal-hitter. As the tale is mainly about him more details shall be given. Though most of the good fairies had been present on his birthday, one had kept away. The absentee was the little goddess of popularity. Lord Wittingham, though young, handsome, rich, and a first-rate polo-player, was not everybody's favourite. There was something about him that men did not quite like.

Bunny Morley said straight out that he thought Wittingham was a "tick" (only he used a still stronger word). That was after the episode of the moonlight party to the Pyramids in which Betty Lane got mixed up.

Betty Lane was the wife of a P.W.D. man, whose job kept him three weeks' camel journey south of Khartoum. While her husband was away Betty stayed down in Cairo.

She was quite a good girl, but she had a face rather like the faces seen on paper covers of novels, and it was a misfortune she should have met Wittingham. Wittingham never stood looking for long at anything that had caught his eye. A week after he had met Mrs. Lane he organised a moonlight party to the Pyramids, and if Bunny had not chanced to be dining at Mena House that evening anything might have happened. As it was Bunny came on the scene at the psychological moment. Wittingham was just explaining that something had happened to the car, and the best plan would be for the whole party to stay at Mena House Hotel that night, when Bunny butted right in. He walked across the verandah to where Wittingham was talking in an undertone to Betty, held out his hand, said: "'Scuse me, Mrs. Lane, you won't remember me; Morley's my name, only met you once, but know your husband very well up in Khartoum. I've got a car here if you'll do me the honour of coming back with me," and carried her right off under Wittingham's nose.

Alone in his room that night Wittingham chewed the ends of his small, carefully brushed moustache, and cogitated. There was the polo final coming on. Wittingham rode half a stone heavier than the infantryman, and also owned more powerful ponies. Possibly an opportunity would occur to teach meddlers a lesson.

Now some women out East are just about as hard to guide as an aeroplane with a broken joy-stick. The sunlight and surroundings get into their blood, and their best friends can do nothing with them. Betty managed very well for a fortnight on Bunny's society, then she began to get bored with him. He was a trifle too respectful or respectable, as the case may be. She began to hanker for the good-looking young cavalry officer, even if he was a bad lot best avoided by grass widows. She felt a little excitement would not hurt her.

The night before the polo match she met Wittingham at a dinner-party. They sat next each other, and he told her of a steamer trip he had planned up the Nile, as soon as the match had been played. He drew a tempting picture of moonlight in the desert, palms, and interesting temples. A brother officer in the "Spears" and his wife would be in the party; could not she join up?

Betty said she would let him know later, but made up her mind then and there that join up she would. The other woman would be an adequate chaperon, and why on earth should she not go? The "other woman," incidentally, was not a very adequate chaperon, or Wittingham would not have asked her, but that is neither here nor there.

. . . . . .

In the meanwhile a white man rode at the head of a camel convoy across a waterless desert. He came from the back of beyond, where the clothes fashions don't change much, and life is held of light account He had not spoken English, or felt an iced drink on his tongue, for twelve weeks. He was still seven days' march from Khartoum. But at the end of the journey there were white arms, soft lips, and warm kisses. Or, at least, so District Inspector Walter Lane, on his way to spend four weeks' leave in Cairo with his young wife, anticipated.

. . . . . .

Most of the British residents and representatives from all the other European communities in Cairo gathered on the Gezireh polo-ground to see the final. The Champion Cup, a massive silver affair, stood on the table under the High Commissioner's box, ready for presentation to the winning team. The Rutlands gathered in the corner of the ground where their ponies stood, and conversed earnestly. No member of the team knew better than Bunny Morley, the captain, the nature of the proposition that confronted them. He put the situation to his team.

"They are better mounted, more in practice, and very much more experienced than ourselves," he

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

"PENALTY 8" (*concluded*)

said. "Our chance lies in their starting to think they can ride rings round us. Once they get that into their heads they will become careless, and once they get careless we'll *get through*. Don't try too much—*wait for your chance*."

Lord Wittingham strolled down the side of the boards to a point where four ponies, no one of which had cost less than £300, stood nozzle to nozzle. The pony nearest of the four was a chestnut, a sensitive, nervous-looking pony with wild eyes. His master patted the pony's neck. "You've got to behave, old lady, to-day; none of your knocking people over. I'll ride Polly in 2nd and 5th chukkers," he said to the groom.

Meanwhile Bunny had slipped across to have a word with Betty Lane, and had heard for the first time of the proposed expedition up the Nile. The teams were getting mounted, and he had no time to remonstrate with her, but as he climbed on to the back of his pony and took a practice swing at a daisy he said, succinctly and savagely, "Damned scoundrel!"

. . . . . .

Where there is a will to win there is often a way. Greatly to everybody's surprise the inferior mounted infantry team held their own in the first chukker against the "Spears." This was due largely to Bunny's fine defence at back. Try as they would the "Spears" forwards could not get past him. At the end of the chukker, while changing ponies, the "Spears" captain spoke to Wittingham.

"Their back is riding about wherever he wants to. Can't you slip him?"

Wittingham said nothing, but as he climbed on to Polly's back he gave her a gratuitous jab in the ribs, which put an effective end to any chance of her behaving properly.

The ball had been in play a couple of minutes, when out of a *mêlée* the "Spears" back hit a fine drive straight up the field. Wittingham slipped the opposing No. 3 and sat down and galloped. At first he imagined no one lay between him and goal. Then he caught sight of a red waistcoat and white sleeves, and knew he had not things to himself. It was a cursed nuisance; the red waistcoat was riding directly on the line of the ball, Wittingham was coming in at an angle. By the laws of the game it was his place to give way to avoid a crash. He rode straight on.

"Look where you are going!" he heard a shout.

"Can't stop this blasted pony," he yelled back.

There was a muttered imprecation, and the Rutlands' back swerved to save the collision, leaving the ball clear to Wittingham. Wittingham swung his stick and hit the ball fair and clean through the enemy goal.

There are men who, under the same circumstances, would not have tried to hit that goal. Wittingham was not one of them.

Bunny pulled up alongside him as they rode off the ground. "Next time you do that *I won't get out of the light*" was all he said.

. . . . . .

The sides lined up for the fifth chukker. The score stood at three goals all; it was anybody's match. Excitement was great. It had seemed incredible that the formidable "Spears" team could be beaten by a little infantry side from Khartoum. Once again Wittingham rode his chestnut. Bunny observed the pony thoughtfully.

"If I hadn't got out of his way that last time one of us might have been killed, and it would have been him, not me," he reflected.

Things did not go too well with the Rutlands at the beginning of the fifth chukker; they had not the same reserve of horseflesh as their opponents, and their ponies were tiring. Then suddenly one of those unexpected chances came that may change the whole fortune of a match. The "Spears" were playing right up the ground. They had thrown caution and defence to the winds in their efforts to knock the ball through the Rutlands' goal. Their Number 3 missed an easy shot, and Bunny darted in, and with a tremendous fore-hand drive sent the ball spinning up the field. He had three lengths start before a member of the "Spears" team had turned. Bunny sat down and galloped. Crack, another swinging shot sent the ball onwards. He gave a quick glance to see who was after him. Twenty yards away, coming in from the right, was Wittingham on his chestnut pony. Bunny smiled. He knew he was on the line of the ball and the other must pull out or foul. It would be no use for Wittingham to try to bluff him again.

The other rider was closing now. Both were going full gallop. The ball lay twenty yards from the "Spears" goal. Bunny's eyes were fixed on it intently. He was oblivious of the fact that the other man, riding straight across his line, was dangerously near.

"Hey! get out of the light," he heard.

"Get out yourself," he called back.

Crack! His stick swung, and the ball shot forward.

Almost simultaneously he felt a terrific impact as the other man crashed straight into him. Bunny knew well the kind of cross that may kill a man, and the sort where he should fall lightly. It was Wittingham who would be hurt.

"You —— fool, you've bought it this time," flashed through his subconscious mind. An instant later he was lying on the grass.

"Hurt, old chap?" a man bent over him.

Bunny tried to rise, but a sharp pain made him sink back again. The doctor made a quick examination.

"You've broken your collar-bone; slip your arm round my shoulder and we'll get you to the dressing-room."

"I want to see the umpire first," said Bunny.

The doctor beckoned to a man in gaiters who stood outside another little group gathered round a figure on the grass. The umpire came across. He looked very grave.

"I say," said Bunny, "Doctor says I can't play any more, and that'll make us one short. The cross is against them, isn't it?"

The umpire nodded, and opened his mouth to speak. Bunny interrupted him.

"Under Penalty 8 I claim Wittingham is ordered to retire from the game."

The umpire and doctor looked at one another a moment, then the umpire spoke.

"Lord Wittingham is dead," he said.

ARTHUR MILLS

BY HIGGINS

THE SECRET OF HIS SUCCESS

BY WILTON WILLIAMS

A TENNIS "RACKET"

HUNKY DORY

AT THE APOLLO

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

I LIKE the title of this play, to begin with. I am not quite sure that I know what it means, but it comes so trippingly to the tongue that you almost feel you want to sing it. The story is rather Scottish, though not aggressively so; and it is very capably interpreted by Scottish players. If the humour is never at any time very subtle, it is always refreshing, and the laughter is continuous. There is a libellous tradition that a Scotsman cannot see a joke; but the truth is that when a joke has been perpetrated in a Scotsman's hearing, his native caution prompts him to think it over carefully first so as to make sure that it is worth the extra expenditure of breath that a laugh involves.

THERE was apparently a Scotsman of that sort in the house on the evening of my visit. He had a laugh like a policeman's rattle, and more than once, by the time he had decided to let it loose upon us, the humorous scene was over, and we were getting to the pathetic part.

MR. DORY, the "Hunky" one of the piece, is a man who lives by his wits. I gathered that he is by trade a cobbler; but he is so indifferent an expert at his art that he has the sense to leave it alone. His private inclinations are distinctly on the thirsty side. When we meet him he is a widower, but we learn that he has been twice married, and that each of his wives presented him with a comely daughter. His own personal tastes, however, were too expensive to justify his taking on the cares of a family man, and as each girl was born he passed her on to the neighbours. There is Jenny, for instance, who has grown up both pretty and sensible in the house of Mr. Specky Todd, who is nominally Hunky Dory's employer. That is to say that if at any time Hunky Dory is willing to submit himself to the degradation of an honest day's work, there is always a cobbling job waiting for him at Specky Todd's. Mr. Todd wishes it to be known that he himself is not a cobbler, but a bootmaker.

STELLA CAMPBELL AS JENNY

MACDONALD WATSON AS PETER MAGUFFIE

But Hunky Dory has for the moment resources that lift him above the dismal necessity of working for a living. Circumstances have enabled him to open a prosperous branch of the blackmail industry. Some years ago Mr. Todd owed a man a hundred pounds. The man died; and his widow, knowing nothing of the debt, did not claim it. But Hunky Dory knows about it, and on the strength of this inside information, he calls frequently to collect assets in money and in kind. His threat is that if he is denied anything he may fancy, one word from him to the police will land Specky Todd in jail. Scots law, we know, is very peculiar; but I don't think it can be so peculiar as that. The part of Hunky Dory is played with much skill and rare humour by Mr. Walter Roy, who makes the old scamp almost lovable in his chronic misdemeanour.

Then a nice well-set-up young man of the name of David Low calls at Specky Todd's shop. He claims to represent a large firm of bootmakers who are setting up in the village, and who generously propose to buy Mr. Todd up instead of freezing him out. The matter is purely a private business deal between the two parties; but Hunky Dory insists on butting in, and talking about "our" price and the lowest terms that "we" can take. To some extent Hunky Dory's interference is justified, since he has recognised the young man as the son of a local millionaire, and presumably, therefore, a person with money to burn. About the same time Hunky Dory thinks he observes signs that

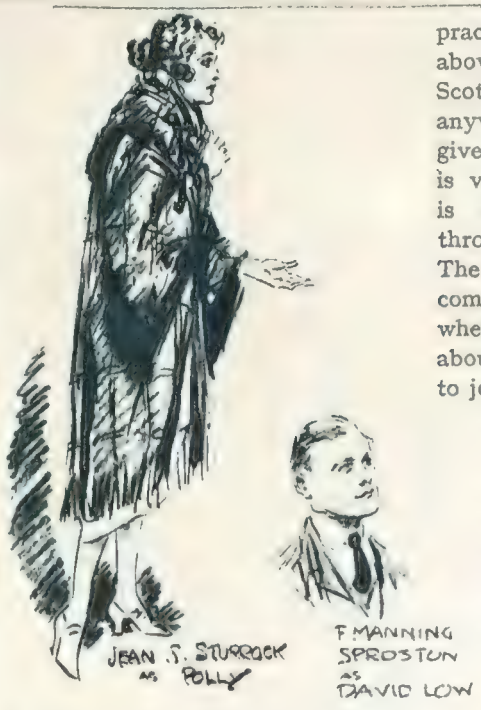
WALTER ROY AS HUNKY DORY

MACDONALD WATSON AS PETER MAGUFFIE

indicate that David Low has fallen in love with Jenny, and the paternal instinct that has so long been dormant in him is promptly revived. Now that there is a prospect of disposing of Jenny to such clear advantage, Hunky Dory wants her back in the dear old home. If a millionaire's son is going to pay court to his daughter, Hunky Dory is not the man to miss any of the fun. This decision is a heavy blow to Specky Todd, who has come to love Jenny like a daughter; and, indeed, she has always called him "feyther" which I am credibly informed is the Scots for "father."

The principal part in the play is taken by Mr. Macdonald Watson, a versatile gentleman, who is also the author and producer. He is Peter Maguffie, a plumber by profession; and he is another and apparently more likely suitor for Jenny's hand. While Jenny is domiciled with

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded*)



Specky Todd, Peter comes often to see her. As an excuse for calling he usually brings for repair boots and shoes that are obviously in no need of the Crispinian physician, and his secret is thus easily discovered. When Jenny is domiciled with Hunky Dory, and it must be admitted that she takes the change philosophically enough, Peter brings as peace offerings pictures painted by himself in his spare time. There is no reason why a plumber should not be able to paint a good picture, but Peter is very obviously not that kind of plumber. His paintings have no other merit than their unconscious humour, in which respect his picture of a "Man Looking for a Gas-leak with a Lighted Candle" is quite a masterpiece in its way. On one occasion he shows to Specky Todd one of his latest efforts, and when the old man has complimented him on his art, Peter complains to him that he is holding the thing upside down. This is perhaps hardly the kind of joke we expect from the new humorist. It is generally understood and believed that a story of the kind was told by Japhet to Ham's second wife while the famous Ark was proceeding to an unknown destination.

PETER MAGUFFIE'S love making is, however, delightfully humorous, and he is ably seconded by Miss Stella Campbell who is dainty and graceful as the practical Jenny. As I have hinted above, the story is not specially Scottish. It might take place anywhere; but the Scottish players give it a humour of their own which is very enjoyable. The audience is kept in sustained laughter through the evening, and even The MacMichael himself, who comes from the Hielan's or somewhere thereaboots—I mean thereabouts—was moved at intervals to joyous mirth. Mr. John Burton makes the character of Specky Todd a living thing with its restrained humour and quiet pathos; while Miss Frances Rose Campbell as Mrs. Macfadden, a garrulous old dame who talks everybody else into wondering silence, is one of the successes of the evening. Mr. Manning Sproston, as David Low, gives us the picture of a fine upstanding young man; but he laughs a little too much. Once or twice he made me apprehensive that I was absorbing the reputed Scots character in overdoses, since I could not discover what it was that he was laughing at so heartily. Artemus Ward used to say on his programmes that if any of his jokes should not be understood, he would be very happy to call and explain them personally; and I could not help feeling that some generous courtesy of the kind would not have been amiss in elucidation of Mr. Sproston's very copious mirth. *Hunky Dory* is quite a good play, and is well worth a visit. JINGLE

WIMBLEDON—OLD & NEW

IN the hum of pleasurable anticipation with which the great Wimbledon meeting has opened this week one traces here and there a note of sadness. For in all probability this will be the last occasion on which the Championships will be held in their ancestral home. It is all very well for us to comfort ourselves with the reflection that these things have got to be; that the needs of the tournament have outgrown its present resources; that the new Wimbledon is going to be vastly superior to the old; and that everybody concerned will gain by the transmigration to Wimbledon Park, which, it is hoped, will have been carried into effect by this time next year. Yet all the same, the parting—especially to old *habitués* of the place like myself—is bound to be a sad one.

What We Remember

FOR over forty years this comparatively small arena in the Worple Road has been the hub of the lawn tennis universe, the place where more lawn tennis history has been made than in any other place on earth. Those of us who are players—present or past—forget, in our love of its atmosphere and associations, its obvious and ineradicable shortcomings. We forget that its courts, as near to absolute perfection as courts can be in the matter of playing surface, are, nevertheless, as the saying goes, "the wrong way of the sun," and that in the evening the "good end" is worth 15; we forget the distractions caused by the noise of the passing trains; we only remember that we have realised the ambition of every good lawn tennis player, and have trod literally in the footsteps of the mighty. The regular onlooker, too—and there are hundreds who never miss their Wimbledon—is steeped in its traditions. The annual visit is more than a mere pleasure outing; it is a pilgrimage the lure of which seems to increase every time it is made. Attended though it may be with inconvenience and often with bitter disappointment, it is piously and punctually undertaken.

MLLE. SUZANNE LENGLEN

Holder of the Ladies' Championship. Like Tilden, she won the title for her country at her first attempt in 1919 from Mrs. Lambert Chambers, and has been supreme among women ever since

Fond Memories

THE new Wimbledon will have everything that the old Wimbledon lacks. We may be sure that the new centre court, or, rather, courts, with their surrounding stands, will be as perfect as human ingenuity can make them, and that everything will be done that can be done to preserve the continuity and maintain the traditions of this week's great gathering. Wimbledon will still be Wimbledon, only more so, and whether as players or spectators we shall, doubtless, enjoy ourselves more and experience greater thrills of excitement than ever. Yet who of us will not be impelled to "cast one longing, lingering look behind" at a spot which has become hallowed in the history of sport because of the many great players whose greatness is so inseparably bound up with it? On the new centre court new champions will arise greater, perhaps, than their forerunners, but it will still, for many of us, be the new centre court for several years to come, and for that very reason not quite the same thing as the old one, whose memories we shall always cherish. H. S. S.

W. T. TILDEN

Holder of the Championship, which he won for America for the first time at his first essay last year, beating the Australian, G. L. Patterson, in the challenge round

CARICATURES BY WILLIE SLUITER

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

Everybody Wishes to "Make the Cinema"

MES AMIS—

ONE has always understood that the battle of the future between the Americans and the Japanese—which, of course, shall never come—shall be fought at the Pacific. *Soit.* The farther away that are the battles, the better shall France regard it. But the Americo-Japanese fight of the present is for our Paris. So far it has appeared that the parties wish to establish the *points d'appui*, and do not seek to come into the direct conflict. Perhaps each will be content with its gains of *terrain* and not endeavour to enter into the domain of the other. But if the respective advances continue at the present progress there will soon not be left of Paris anything for the other foreign races—to say not a word of the poor Parisians, who are not conceded the least chance.

FOR the Japanese it is the centre of wisdom—the schools and the universities—which is the objective. And because one does meet the little yellow men at every corner of the street in the Quartier Latin one has let it become known as the Japanese Dominion. For the Americans it is the world of the theatres that it is the desire to capture. And into the field they have put many of the big guns at the similar time. There has been all at once in Paris Mr. James K. Hackett, the wonderful Macbeth; Mr. Morris Gest, one of the principal producers; Miss Elsie Janis, *étoile* of the revues; and Miss Pearl White, *étoile* of the films.

WORTH while to be called the Big Four, is it not? Especially big are they in the art to get themselves talked about. We have thought that our own actresses did possess the talent in this direction—if a little clumsy with their necklaces of pearl—but one has to admit that they are *déclassées*. They have not the *répertoire de réclame* which is at the supply of the Americans.

"Playing with her pet serpent"

I HAVE especially admired the artifice of Miss Pearl White. She has the skill to tell the story about a particular person which has the appeal to almost every person because it has the attachments to the desires of all. She has told, *par exemple*, of how the wife of a millionaire has come to demand her advice of the manner to become an actress of the film. "But why," has asked the pretty Pearl, "do you wish to enter on a profession which involves the hard labours when you have surely every little thing that you wish." "It is true," has said the millionairess, "that my husband will buy me all the mansions, all the lovely dresses, and all the other delights which money can procure; but he never gives me the kisses. On the films there are the embraces all of the time. All the pictures finish with a long, long kiss. So I, who do receive not ever the kisses, wish to act for the films."

"All the pictures finish with a long, long kiss"

THE brilliant Pearl has guessed before she has told this story that it is the desire of almost every Parisienne to *faire le cinema*, to make the long, long kiss, and to have the embraces all of the time. And when the little *midinette* has known that her secret dreams are shared by a millionairess she has not been afraid to disclose them. The story has caused more talk about the plotful Pearl than if she should have lost a dozen of necklaces.

THERE is, indeed, an epidemic of the people who make, and the people who pretend to make, the cinema in Paris

(Continued on page 714)

Economics à la Heath Robinson

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

Do not scrap your disused lighting, heating, or cooking apparatus; they can easily be adapted to other requirements

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

just now. But yesterday I have seen an actor smash with a hammer the window of a jewel-shop in the Rue de la Paix, while the camera-man has swiftly turned the handle at the other side of the street. And in the Garden of the Tuileries a few moments afterwards I have seen the filming of a "seaside" idyll by the aid of a deck-chair, in which a sun-burnt, round-cheeked maiden has listened to the whispers of the ardent lover—so ardent that he has not minded to spend quite a long time on the bended knee, despite the painfulness of the little stones. I have felt sure the lover has wished for more of the realism in the nature of the real sand of the seaside to make the comfort for the painful knee.

"Smash with a hammer the window of a jeweller"

I HAVE thought they have, perhaps, been the amateurs—*sans doute* there are the amateurs who make the little and not too costly films for the exhibition in their own *salons*—on account of the absence of the realism. For one noticeable thing has been that the lady has not been accompanied by a pet serpent, and she would surely have not omitted this latest necessity of the fashion if it had been the business film—which has had the need to be exact and up to the date. It is *du dernier chic* among the *élégantes* to have the pet serpent, and it is not any use for the professionals of the cinema to produce the pictures which have left out the *dernier chic*.

En plus, think of the inspiration to a lover of the presence in the lap of the maiden of a serpent with its reminder of *La Mère Eve*. If that cannot give him the flow of the romantic eloquence then there is for him not much hope as the lover. One may also calculate that it can give him the courage. It is the favourite trick of this fashion of the serpent for an *élégante* to conceal the ugly but inoffensive reptile among the cushions of a divan on which she reclines, and suddenly to let it appear in the face of the visitors. The ladies can be permitted to make the cries of fear but the lover could not betray the alarm without to make disappear all his chances. Yet he can thus make two conquests at the once if he just smiles in the face of the serpent, which a swift guess will have told him cannot be dangerous or it would not be there.

I HAVE been anxious to see the illustration of the way to manipulate the serpents by the *élégantes*, for I have been told it has as much of the art as the manipulation of the fan in the days of the long ago. That is why I have been so disappointed with the seaside love-scene in the Tuileries. And that is why I come to call them the amateurs. It is the severest reproach of which I can think in this *chaleur fantastique*.

ROLAND

"Has listened to the whispers of the ardent lover"

Pictures of Industry

ONE WOULD LOVE TO SEE

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

THE SATURDAY SACRIFICE

The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

With every new book of his that is published it becomes more and more obvious that Mr. George A. Birmingham must be called in to settle the Irish Question. If he refuses the Vice-Regal Throne let him be forced at least into the Speaker's Chair, when the Irish Parliament is one solid body and Lord Massareene's Mace is ready for use. Mr. Birmingham's latest book, *Lady Bountiful* (Christophers: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), is a collection of short stories, laughter-provoking and inconsequent. Half of them only, it is true, deal with Ireland, but that excellent scoundrel, ex-King Carl of Megalia, figures in most of the others, and he is almost Irish himself. At any rate, his adventures are Irish-like, and what more can you want? If only his countrymen would see things through Mr. Birmingham's spectacles all might be well. Why not pass a law to make the purchase of one book of his each year compulsory for every Irish household? Mr. Birmingham, I feel sure, would not object; nor would most of the distressed.

* *

It is occasionally said that your modern reviewer is far too free with his praise. In the old thundering days a book had to be mightily good to obtain even so much as honourable mention. It may be so. The log-roller may be too prone to be true to his name. Wherefore, when he proclaims that a particular book has given him more pleasure than any other he has read this year he may run the risk of being thought to be rolling his log with too clumsy an action. Seriously speaking, however, Mr. Thomas Burke's short stories, *Whispering Windows* (Grant Richards: 8*s.* 6*d.* net), are mightily good. To write a satisfactory short story at any time is a fussy and difficult business, but when true drama regularly appears, against an unfamiliar and fascinating background, as is the case in *Whispering Windows*, the result is quite out of the ordinary. In *Limehouse Nights* Mr. Burke showed what he could do. In this new book of his he surpasses himself. The thing has been attempted before often enough, but Mr. Burke towers above his predecessors. These queer gutter-folk of his bristle and shiver with life. He writes with a stark audacity, and you suddenly jump with a thrill and a shock. These narks and thieves and girls of the streets—could anyone believe that their lives are on a plane so far removed from that with which most of us are familiar? Here are terrible things, no doubt, but they have been dragged forth into the light by a master. Guignol effects? Not quite, for Mr. Burke shows you the beauty of things as well as their horror. He has written an altogether wonderful book.

* *

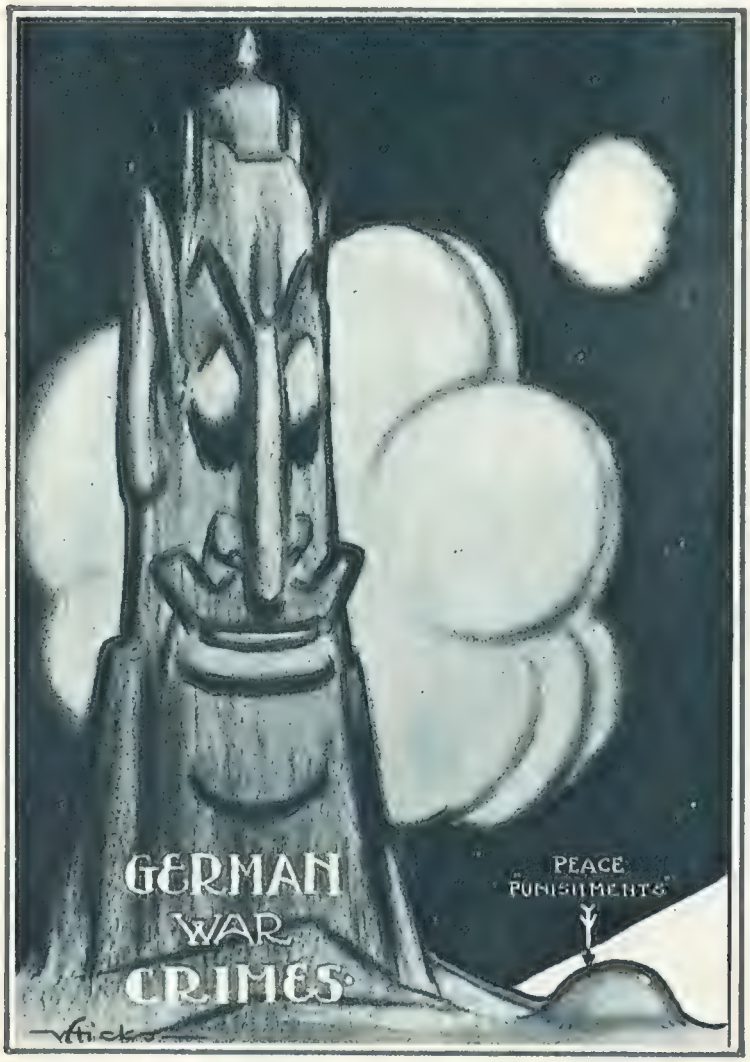
And with *Whispering Windows* there may go, perhaps, another book, dissimilar may be in many ways, but at points touching it nearly. Mr. H. M. Tomlinson's *London River* (Cassell: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) lacks the wild terror and sheer drama of Mr. Burke's book, but it shares its beauty, and the background in both cases is much the same. Mr. Tomlinson knows his Docks; he knows of those strange places into which even the police do not care to go very often. His canvas, however, stretches over the waters. So you see him at one moment telling the story of an old boot-repairer who built a crack-brained boat for himself, and at another adventuring forth to the Dogger Bank to be lost in fog and lose sight of all comforts. You hear of a woman in far away places, where no woman should have gone, and you are taken into the queer little bars and saloons where Mr. Burke's people as well as his own are wont to foregather. As a descriptive writer Mr. Tomlinson ranks high, and his *London River* speedily insinuates itself into your affections.

* *

Governments change, society changes. War is finished and done with, and new wars immediately begin. Science progresses. Religion dies, and new religions are born. And all the time new Utopias continue to be written. *John Sagur* (Heath Cranton: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), by "Nedram," is the latest of these. By some mathematical juggling with a calculus—I can never discover exactly what a calculus is, which is, no doubt, a shameful confession—Sagur solves the problem of harnessing the energy contained in an atom. The rest is easy. Ergon is produced, and ergon paves the way to a world-state which sounds very nice. Governments resign very wisely, and Sagur becomes Master of the World.

R. S.

A Mountain—



—and a Molehill

By Victor Hicks

The Story of Nature's Bulk Storage: No. 4

The Great Ice Age

STARK, dim days when Primitive Man looked down from his nest in the trees, and beheld the creeping, glittering paralysis—Ice. Gradually it crept over the surface of the earth—grinding, crushing! Compressing the rocks and the riches that were to be man's inheritance. Gold—Ore—***Petroleum.*** All safely locked in "Bulk Storage" till he learned to make proper use of them.

Then as man came into his own, the ice receded; Nature opened the doors of her storehouse, and bade him seek and find.

To-day the wonders wrought by the finding and refining of Petroleum are countless. Over land, in the air, over the sea and under the sea, the power of petrol obeys the will of modern man.

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"The Wrong Number"

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS YVONNE ARNAUD

Who, in Mr. Farraday's new production at the Duke of York's Theatre, "The Wrong Number," plays the leading rôle

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE." *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *June* 20

DEAR COUSIN—

CAN hardly believe, can you, that already in a day or two we shall actually be in mid-summer? Officially, that is, though, as a matter of fact, this time, for once, the calendar hasn't been quite so much let down by the real thing as usual, has it? Even in these grey islands the sun's shone quite a lot and the roses have bloomed quite early, and summery frocks have been worn by all the best and wisest of us for quite a long time.

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ALL the same, hard to realise how quickly time's flown and that we're really and truly right in Wimbledon week, plunged into the midst of the absorbing joys of watching homeric struggles for the lawn tennis championships, with America, France, Australia, Japan, India, and all the rest of them fighting frantically to keep this poor old country from regaining the honours that once were so surely and exclusively hers. Really think, you know, it's one of *the* most enthralling pastimes in the world—to thrill breathlessly, I mean, from your (rather hard and wearing) seat in the stands at those great hand-to-hand tussles on the famous Centre Court.

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TO gaze admiringly at the great Tilden of America serving like a tame hurricane, or Suzanne Lenglen of the scanty skirts volleying and smashing like a book and doing marvellous Pavlova-like leaps and bounds the while. Or even sometimes actually to get quite excited over the after all, quite useful, and even brilliant, doings of our own players, who, poor things, don't seem to get anything like their proper share of the limelight these days. Don't let's keep *all* our hero (or heroine) worshipping for our visitors from abroad and their doings, what?

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THOUGH the foreign invader certainly does seem to be looming rather extra large in our sports and pastimes just now, doesn't he? And our theatres, for that matter. Smarter, and fuller, than any other show in Town these nights is, for instance, the Russian Ballet at the Prince's, where, spite of slumps and things, people seem faithfully to flock. Positively packed it was the other night, for instance, to see the wonderful Andalusian dancers in "Cuadro Flamenco," headed by the tall and handsome Maria Dalbaican, of the black shoes and white heels, stamp and sway in those odd, but, somehow, attractive, dances of theirs, the men in becoming wide - but - waisty black trousers and the women in the loveliest riots of rich Picasso colour. All very delightful and simple and new—though just what it's got to do with Russian Ballet must confess I don't exactly quite know.

"Top-hats and button-holes seem to have burst into bloom"

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NOTHING more lovely to be found in London, either, than the beautiful Tchernicheva as the Swan Princess in *Children's Tales* or as a statuesquely fascinating Cleopatra, luring that brilliant dancer, M. Woizikowsky, to his doom and handing him the poisoned cup as the price of letting him sit for five minutes rather uncomfortably on the edge of her couch—or so the plot seems to work out before the footlights, anyway. Mustn't have too much realism on the stage, I suppose, but he certainly did appear to get very little for his potion.

"The roses have bloomed quite early"

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RATHER refreshing, by the way—apropos of "atmosphere"—to find oneself for once in an audience that's really dressed for the occasion, instead of turning up, like at most of the theatres, in tweeds and coats-and-skirts or any old thing. Must say I rather believe in the wedding garment principle, don't you, and wearing the right thing at the right time and the right place? Which, I think, *is* beginning to come in a bit more now at last after the — well, rather sloppy habits some of us got into in the War years. Especially men. But even top-hats and button-holes seem to have burst into bloom once more with the roses and strawberries of this mid-season time—spite of strikes and calls for economy and all the rest of it.

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APROPOS, it's Commem. Week at Oxford among other things, and there are plenty of College

dances and things for every night, frown the economists and pessimists as they may. Started trying to forbid the revels, the authorities did, but public opinion was too strong for them—and so say all of us, I mean, why *should* the old interfere with the pleasures of the young, whatever happens? After all, it's the young who won the last War for us—and who'll have to take on the next one as well . . . if it comes.

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And may come quite soon, too, if we're to believe some of the prophets. "We may be sucked into a great war at any moment," says one famous General. And if we aren't careful, it seems, we shall find ourselves fighting on Tino's side (of all people), with the Middle East aflame and India seething with unrest. While meantime at home exports go on dropping and strike bills mounting, and altogether the outlook is black, to quote another of our mentors, and there is not even the glimmer of approaching light. . . . If the call for united action against waste and recklessness is to go without response, the end—and a terrible end—is certain, and it may be near. . . .

"Right into Wimbledon week"

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Talking about India, just received rather a pathetic plaint from a subaltern in far-off Jubbulpore about the sometimes envied, but, according to him, far from enviable lot of the soldiermen out there. "I think the thing one misses out here more than anything," writes the poor dear exile, "is the home life. In England there is nearly always one house at least where one is stationed that becomes a sort of 'home from home,' but nothing of that sort exists here. If only people would realise what it means to subalterns to get asked out sometimes, life would be much more bearable.

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It's not at all a gay life here by any means. I know that is the general idea at home, but it's completely wrong. The days when everybody knew everybody else are gone and past, and the charming girls one hears so much about have become quite affected and stuck-up, because there is only about one to every thirty men, and so, of course, at dances they are much sought after. At home one wouldn't, perhaps, even ask to be introduced!"

"Why should the old interfere with the pleasures of the young?"

Sounds quite a little Paradise for the girls, anyway—and what a contrast to things as they are in England now, what? Though even for mere downtrodden and neglected man there seem to be just a few compensations. "I wonder how the coal strike is getting on nowadays. That's one blessing of being out here—we are far away from all Labour and political troubles, though I believe we may have a little show on the frontier. We sleep out of doors, and it's just lovely to wake up in the morning and hear the birds singing and enjoy the lovely cool breeze that is generally blowing—not to forget the unclouded blue sky!"

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Cloudless blue sky, no strikes, no crises. . . . ! Well, we're none of us quite contented with our lot, are we? but for all of us there do seem to be, as I say, at least *some* compensations—even in this troubled land of ours here in England now. Dances, for instance. Which may, it's true, have slumped just a bit in some quarters, but are going just as strong as ever elsewhere. Fashions in dancing-places vary, of course. Some (that I won't mention) may have struck a bad patch, but there are others, Such as the Empress Rooms, *par exemple*, where (under new auspices, I believe) I found the other night a "full house" and some perfectly good dancing to Murray Pilcer's band, not to mention nice toys *and* champagne cup to sustain the inner man, and woman.

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Quite one of the big dances of the year, by the way, to happen at Lansdowne House next Wednesday as ever is, with Royalty present to give it a special *cachet*. The King and Queen will be over in Ireland that day for the opening of the new Ulster Parliament at Belfast, but the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York are to be there, and the famous gardens (now the property of Mr. Selfridge) will be lit up with blue and gold lights, and everything done quite pre-War way. And the theatres are recovering, I hear, from the late-lamented slump, and even if there aren't to be any Courts, 'cos of the "industrial situation," looks as if these June days are going to give us quite a good imitation, anyway, of a sort of a season, after all.

With love, yours ever,

Blanchette

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RACING NOTIONS

BY CARBINE

A BRILLIANT ASCOT

Brilliant Ascot

WAS there ever a more glorious Ascot? Glorious, I mean, from the weather standpoint. Not from the betting point of view. Oh, dear no. Those dreadful upsets of form in the Ascot Stakes and the Royal Hunt Cup were sufficient to knock the majority of punters off their equilibrium, and for the rest of the meeting it was a case of "trying to get out." My own experience on the second day was to back three winners out of the six races on which I wagered, and yet I lost money. The explanation was the "little bit extra" which we are all tempted to have on the big handicap. Why is it that we let ourselves go on these trappy races? As a rule we can get quite as good odds in smaller events, but when the Royal Hunt Cup or the Jubilee or the Cambridgeshire come along we are always tempted to back two or three horses, or else go the whole hog on our fancy.

Just a Head

WHAT a difference to bookmakers and backers it would have meant if the head which divided Illuminator from Glanmerin at the finish of the Royal Hunt Cup had been the other way round! The ring secured what, to use a racing vulgarism, is called a "skinner." I dare say there were a few people in Tattersall's and on the Lawn who threw away a pound or two on Illuminator for some obscure reason. Even if a horse wins a race on three legs you will always come across somebody or other who has backed him. But there was not a shilling of "real money" on the winner. Even his trainer was not his supporter. It will be asked: why was Illuminator started at all for the Royal Hunt Cup if his people considered he had no chance of winning? Well, it is no use keeping handicap performers in the stable if they are well. You can get no weight off them that way. Illuminator's victory was a bit of a tragedy for the army of Ascot punters. Glanmerin would have taken a big sum from our friends the enemy. But up popped this despised outsider, and joy reigned among the members of Tatt's.

A Speedy Customer

AMONG the performances at Ascot which considerably impressed me was the victory of Vencedor in the Fern Hill Stakes. The people connected with Monarch thought that he could not be beaten over this sharp course, yet Vencedor simply slammed him, and I regard him as a champion sprinter. This impression was affirmed by what we saw of Monarch on the following day, when he, in his turn, made a rare mess of Diadem. We are surely not likely to see much more of Diadem on the race-course. If ever a mare deserved her retirement she is the one. Basil Jarvis's two beautiful fillies, Nippon and Donna Branca, both greatly distinguished themselves. The former is evidently a very fine stayer. The way in which she collared the King's colt, Will Somers, at the end of the journey for the Ascot Derby was a regular eye-opener. She is sure to win some more good races for Mr. Hornung. Donna Branca, too, is a fine mare who has taken some time to come to her best, but is now unusually smart.

The Gold Cup Winner

BUT Basil Jarvis's greatest triumph in a highly successful week was the victory in the Gold Cup of Periosteum. In this race we saw classic form, as represented by Silvern, Spion Kop, and Comrade, cut to ribbons by handicap performers like the winner and Happy Man. Fortunately for backers, Periosteum had shown at Kempton Park that he was in great form, and he was soundly supported. So there was plenty of cheering for him. A few weeks ago I was tempted to take an early double for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. I coupled Periosteum and Leighton at 1,000 to 1. Now that the former has won the Gold Cup he is bound to be given a tremendous task in the long distance handicap. This much can be said of him: he is built to carry weight, and he stays for ever. So I do not despair yet of landing this little flutter. As for Leighton, I think nothing the worse of him for his defeat at Ascot. I believe you will find that he was taking on a pretty tough proposition in giving so much weight to Plymstock, an undeniably smart filly.

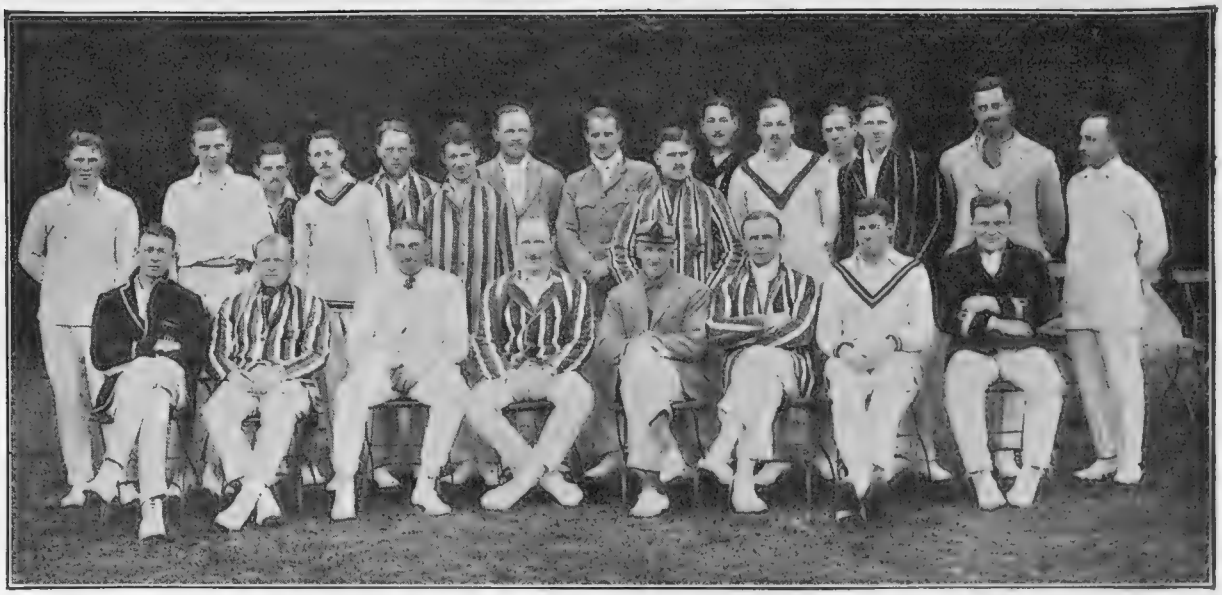
By "The Tout"

LIEUT.-COL. DUFF C.I.E., M.V.O.

A well-known personality in the world of polo, being the secretary of the Hurlingham Club. Colonel Duff has had a distinguished military career and was, in 1914, A.D.C. to the Duke of Connaught, then Governor-General of Canada

This Week's Events

THIS week the big event will be the Northumberland Plate at Gosforth Park. **Wildfellow** ran well enough at Ascot to give him an excellent chance of carrying off this good prize. On Thursday, at the same meeting, Sir Robert Jardine may win the Seaton Delaval Plate, probably with his Seraph colt, while the Gosforth Park Cup may go to **Sun Shaft.** There will be a good meeting at Sandown Park at the end of the week, where it would be appropriate if **Perfect Knight** won the Sandringham Stakes for the King, which he seems quite likely to do. The Wellington Stakes on the same afternoon may go to **Precious.**



Photograph "1920 *v.* 1921" *Keystone View Co.*

Cricketers of the Army of Occupation who recently played a match under the above title at Cologne. Standing (left to right): Lt. R. F. Kirby, Fly.-Officer E. S. Osborne, Lt. W. R. Maxwell, Major O. T. Knuason, O.B.E., Lt. E. Miller, Lt. E. H. Knott, Lt. E. R. Barry, Squad.-Leader Hunter, Lt. Saarfeed, an officer whose name is missing, Lt. Whinney, M.C., C.S.M. Piper, another unnamed officer, Lt. G. S. M. Burton, M.C., Major Blackburn. Seated: Capt. F. A. H. Matthews, O.B.E., M.C., Capt. Lyon, Lt.-Col. R. F. C. Foster, C.M.G., D.S.O., Major Arrey, O.B.E., M.C., J. I. Piggott, M.C., Lt.-Col. J. G. Browne, C.M.G., D.S.O., Lt. C. B. Hughes

Sports & Pastimes

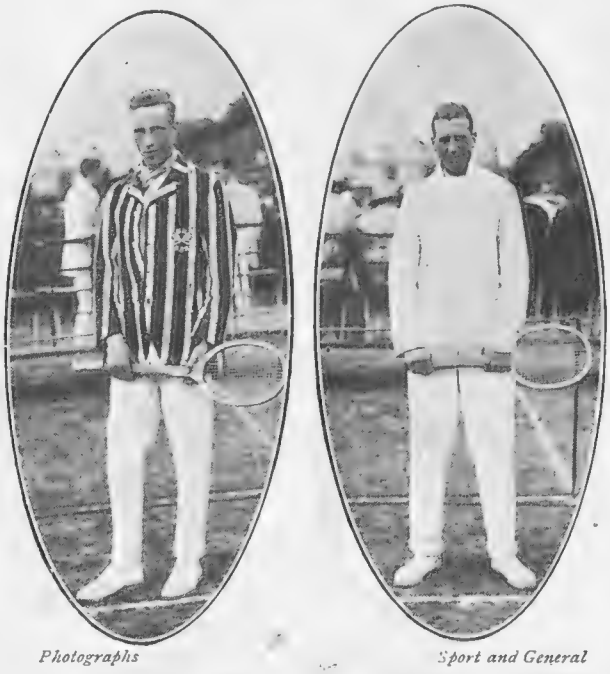
LAWN TENNIS

The Wimbledon Draw—

BEFORE the draw for the Men's Singles' Championship took place I selected eight who, in my opinion, were most likely to be "the last eight" out of the 128 competitors in the somewhat unlikely event of their being drawn in a way which would enable them to steer clear of each other. That event has not happened, and, moreover, writing, as I am, several days in advance of the actual date of this issue of THE BYSTANDER, I am ignorant of what the Fates have in store for them on the first two days of play. Nevertheless, I will give their names. They are Major A. R. F. Kingscote, F. G. Lowe, T. M. Mavrogordato, R. Lycett, B. I. C. Norton, A. H. Gobert, M. Alonso, and Z. Shimidzu.

—And the Luck of it

OF these eight, five are favourably placed for realising my expectations. Splitting the draw up into eight sections of sixteen, we find Shimidzu in the first, Lycett in the second, Alonso in the third, Gobert in the fifth, and Norton in the seventh, the remaining three (Kingscote, Lowe, and Mavrogordato), being all bunched together in the fourth, which is by far the "hottest" section of the lot. England, in fact, has not been favoured by the luck of the draw. Neither, for the matter of that, has France, whose only two representatives have been fated to meet at the first go off. But the survivor—Gobert or Laurentz—should go to the semi-final. Norton is the other fore-ordained semi-finalist in the lower half—as far as anything can be said to be fore-ordained in the case of Norton, but as regards the semi-finalists "upstairs" we are in the realms of guesswork. Shimidzu or Lycett for one, and Alonso or one of the best Englishmen for the other is as near as we can get to it.



Photographs *Sport and General*

C. HOPKINS (Oxford) H. C. McCARTHY (Cambridge)

The two Captains in the Oxford *v.* Cambridge Lawn Tennis Match which was played at Cambridge last week. Oxford, who had only once been beaten (by the Gipsy Club) in the course of their trial matches, won the Singles by 6 matches to 3 and the Doubles by 7 to 2

YACHTING

A Handsome Quartette

THE Clyde fortnight, which starts on Friday next, marks the opening of the racing season for the larger classes. Last season, it will be remembered that the King's cutter, *Britannia*, did extraordinarily well, though only in cruising trim. She has now had her mast lengthened, and is fitted with a much larger suit of sails, so that she should be able to hold her own in the light winds as well as she did last year in a hard blow—which naturally suited her limited sail area best. Her chief rivals will be Mr. R. H. Lee's *Terpsichore*, rigged with a "Marconi" or top-gallant mast, Sir Charles Allom's *White Heather*, and Mrs. R. Workman's *Nyria*.

"Nyria's" Experiment

Nyria, as will be seen from the illustration on page 728, is experimenting with a triangular mainsail, or leg of mutton sail. This type of sail, which forms a mainsail and topsail, as it were, in one, is common enough on smaller craft, but it has never before been fitted to a yacht as large as *Nyria*, whose registered tonnage is about 80 tons, and yachtsmen are curious to see how she will get on in com-

(Continued on page 727)

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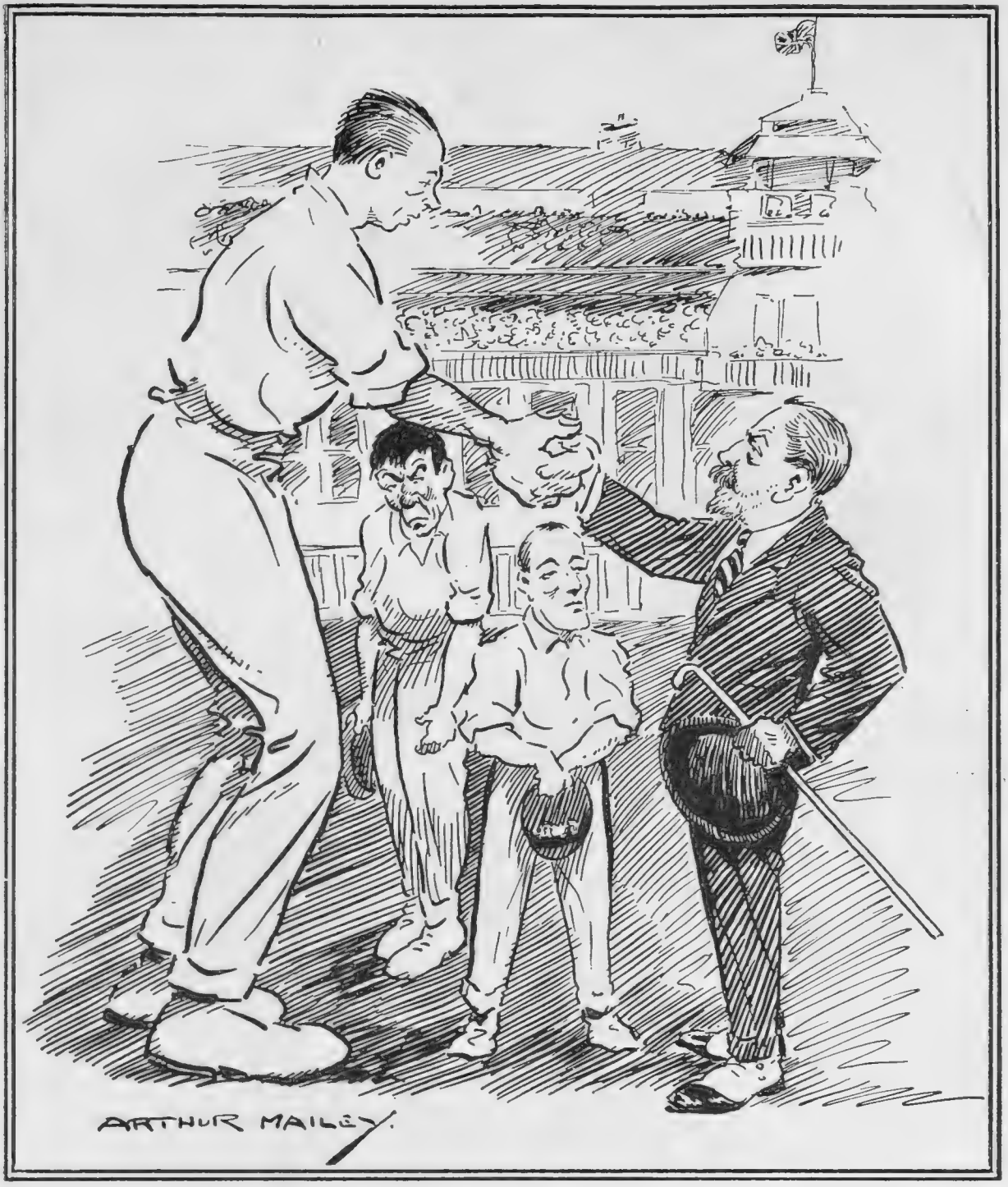

GOOGLIALITIES. By A. A. Mailey

The Australian cricketers were recently presented to His Majesty the King. It will be observed that Macartney and Gregory are, as usual, quite unconcerned, whereas our artist is feeling very uneasy owing to the sudden recollection of a cartoon depicting His Majesty which appeared in one of our papers some little time back

petition with yachts rigged like *Britannia* with the more orthodox mainsail and topsail. Although the season is only a short one, there are upwards of forty races to be sailed at the various regattas round our coasts before it finishes at Dartmouth on August 27.

Bourne End Week

In this week of many distractions the yachtsmen of the Upper Thames are holding high revel at Bourne End, where the annual "week"—which an Irishman would appropriately describe as the Cowes of the freshwater seaman—is being celebrated with its accustomed joyousness. I speak as one having authority, having raced (not as often as I could have wished) at Bourne End myself, in the days when small boat sailing, already a fine art, was not nearly such a fine art as it is now. If Bourne End did not happen to clash with Wimbledon I should be there at the present moment.

Probable Protagonists

The principal race is for the Queen's Challenge Cup, presented by her late Majesty Queen Victoria, which will be sailed for on Friday. Another coveted trophy is the Thames Sailing Club Championship, which goes to the boat making the best average in the "A" Class races held during the week, and there is a similar trophy, presented by the late Frank Lambert, for boats of the "B" Class. Local knowledge counts for a good

"BRITANNIA"

A snapshot of the King's famous cutter taken last week while testing her new racing rig in the Solent

deal in these races, and Mr. B. S. Freeman, of the Upper Thames Sailing Club, has in *Scamp* a boat in which this knowledge can be well exploited, for she is, without much doubt, the fastest boat on the Thames in anything except a heavy wind. In a hard blow Mr. Jackson's *Caprice* is at her best, and I expect that these two will be the protagonists.

INTERNATIONAL SPORT

England's Lost Supremacy

WE are now, and shall be for some time to come, in the pleasing throes of International Competition in many fields of sport, and England has suffered, or is in danger of suffering, defeat in more than one of them. She is, in fact, feeling more than ever the effects of her good pioneer work in the past, and of the ready way in which other nations, under her guidance, have absorbed "the whole art and mystery" of pastimes at which she was once supreme. It is natural that the pupil should in time be able to compete successfully against the teacher and it is just a little unfortunate that quite a lot of people are blind to such an apparently patent fact.

A Popular Outcry

ON the top of this we have the further fact that we have not yet got rid of the War habit. In our outlook upon Sport we are still involuntarily compelled to think in terms of warfare. In war the sole object is to win; in sport it is not so, and yet from sheer force of habit we have come to think that it is. Hence the outcry which has been raised—for instance—over our cricket, our polo, and our golf—that we are lacking in organisation. We must organise, we are told, because by organisation alone can we hope to win. We must forget that the thing which matters is the playing of the game in the spirit in which it ought to be played (because therein lies the full satisfaction of it, not only for the actual combatants, but for those who are looking on), and must only remember that England is irretrievably down and out unless she wins.

The Limits of Organisation

A LOT can undoubtedly be done by organisation. But organisation is a word with which we are familiar in business as well as in warfare, and when you start applying business methods to enterprises in which amateurs are wholly (or even in part) concerned it becomes necessary to walk circumspectly. Those who have been clamouring so insistently of late for better organisation should be reminded that they are asking for something which is apt to produce that very undesirable person, the "shamateur," and that the Englishman, however incumbent upon him it may be deemed to be to win, is bent upon winning cleanly or not at all. This, incidentally, is the reason why he is such a good loser.

H. S. S.

Photographs] **"NYRIA"** [*Debenham, Cowes*

Mrs. R. Workman's cutter "Nyria" fitted with her new triangular mainsail, the largest triangular sail ever applied to a yacht. It will be interesting to see how she fares against "Britannia," who adheres to the more orthodox mainsail and topsail

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MOTOR-NOTES

SINCE S. F. Edge has joined the directorate of A.C. cars I notice "stunts" emanating from Thames Ditton. The latest is a petrol consumption trial for private owners of A.C. cars. Each will be given one gallon of petrol, and each competitor will be told to drive down the Portsmouth Road, the one who gets furthest being the winner. The idea is to make the owner take more interest in this part of the cost of motoring, as well as to discover what is the average fuel consumption of this car in the hands of the public. Other trials are taking place on July 2, the 16, and so on fortnightly; those interested better note these dates and send their entries in twelve days beforehand. Perhaps I ought to mention that there is an entrance fee of two guineas per car per trial, and the petrol supplied has to be paid for, but as the prize is £1 per mile or part of a mile travelled, as well as lesser awards, the "sweep" is worth a gamble to the ardent amateur owner of one of these small cars.

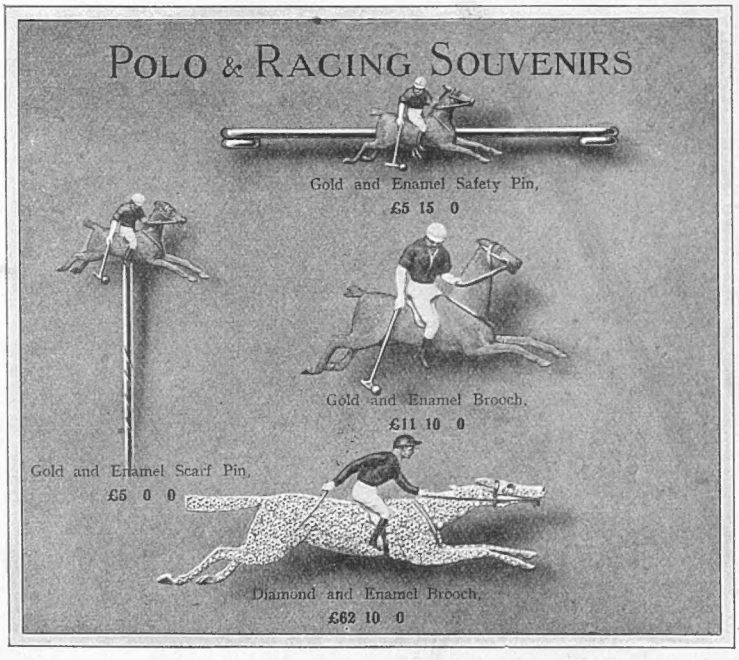
* * *

WHAT with the new Aston-Martin 10 h.p. winning the ten-lap Junior Car Club race at Brooklands at an average speed of 70.1 miles per hour, and the 10 h.p. Fiat beating all other competitors in the "light" car Targa Florio race of 268 miles in 8hrs. 7min. 31secs., an average speed of thirty-three miles an hour over this terrific course near Palermo—there are at least 6,000 sharp turns to negotiate—both respectively being standard cars, I think that the high efficiency and road worthiness of the "light" car has reached high-water mark, and both the British and Italian makers deserve full credit and congratulations for such wonderful performances. I was sorry that the Sunbeam "straight" eight-cylinder racer could get no nearer than fifth place in the U.S.A. race at Indianapolis over 500 miles, but as twenty-three cars started and only eight finished, even that was a fine performance, all things considered. The winner of the event was another "eight," a Durant, driven by Tommy Milton, with the "eight" Dusenberg second, driven by Roscoe Sarles. As the Dusenberg team of four cars have entered for the Grand Prix at Le Mans on July 25 many English motorists will have the opportunity of witnessing a renewal of the struggle for premier honours between the Sunbeam and Dusenberg.

(*Continued on page 732*)

THE PRINCE AT CAMBRIDGE

The Prince of Wales was recently at Cambridge with Mr. Balfour and Lord Haldane. The undergraduates insisted on helping his Wolseley car along by vigorous pushing



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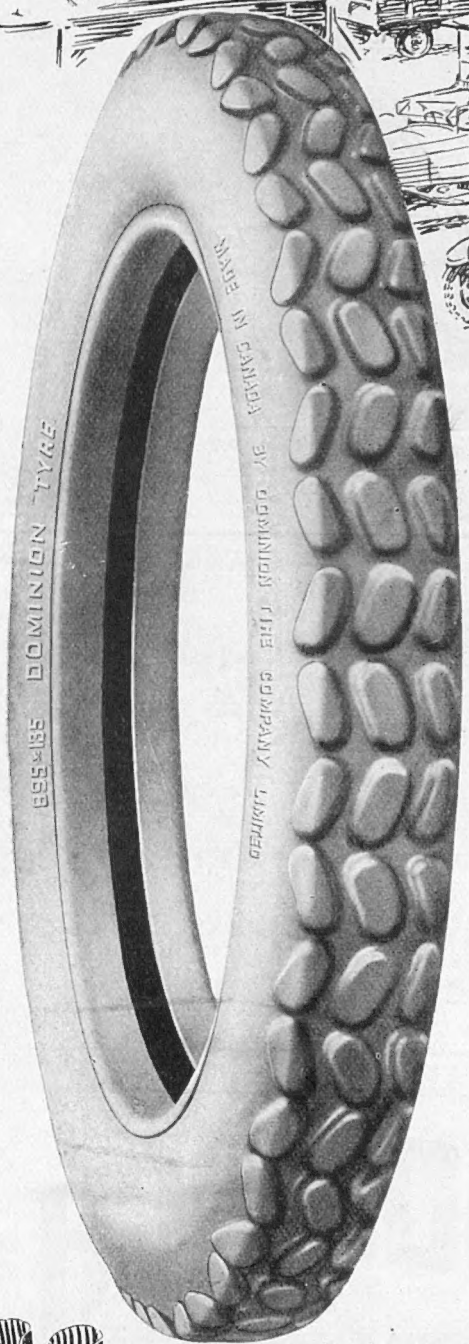

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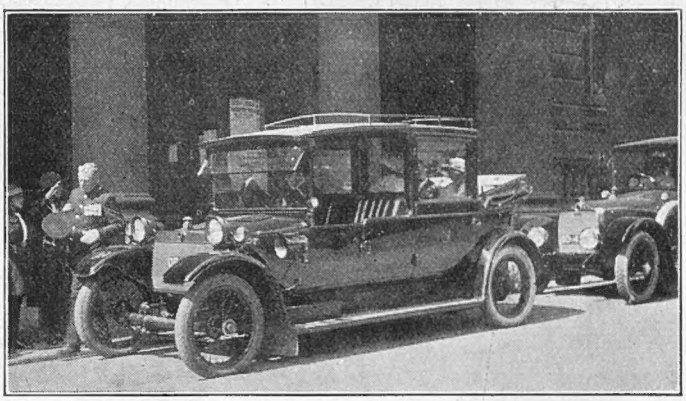
MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

THOUGH the "dog days" are hardly upon us I cannot help noticing that the general apathy of things in general has resurrected that ancient topic, "What is the best car?" Bless your heart alive! There are lots of best cars about, so discussion can be endless, as no one that I know of yet has ever been able to define what constitutes "best" in the world of wheels. Best might be fastest or slowest, or wears for an indefinite period, or wears out jolly quick; it might mean best for two people or best for a crowd, in fact, there are such a lot of bests about that are the worsts for some other fellow that you might as well declare that all tastes are alike.

No, sir, or madam, I am afraid I cannot say which is the best car yet awhile, considering I have only seen about 329 out of 673 cars that are trying to do business with folks that want a "kerridge." That is as far as this year's products are concerned, leaving out the Hun makes from the calculation. Still, it does give a chance for quite a lot of people to rush into print with their opinions, all free copy, too, for the proprietors. Even some of the junior journalists also cannot resist sending in their letters in order to see their names set out in caps. Perhaps they hope to borrow their "best" for the summer holidays off the flattered firm! P'raps, and p'raps not, I think.

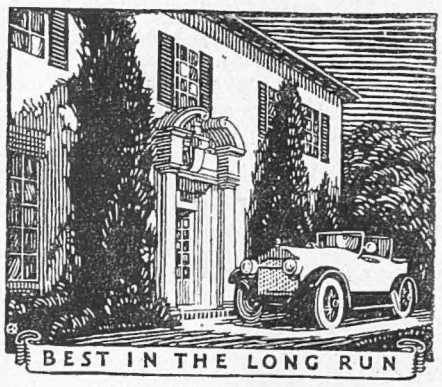
* * *

IT is marvellous, however, that every week one hears of another new car that is to add to the joy of wheel users of this and other countries. Notwithstanding financial worries, strikes, an uncertain exchange, and a host of other things, fresh propositions bob up with cheery optimism daily. One of the latest is the new 10 h.p. Austin, a small replica of the "twenty," which will possibly be seen for the first time about the Paris motor show period in October. Why it is to be called the Austin "ten," when its rating is nearer "twelve," is a puzzle that I cannot pretend to solve, but I do wish all English motor manufacturers would standardise the nomenclature of their cars with the Treasury rating values. What the Standardisation Committee of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders is doing never seems to leak out, but as each car of apparently the same horse-power has different sized brake linings even, makes one imagine why really low-priced good cars are difficult to be made in this country. As for expecting to replace a hub cup if you lose one without getting it from the car's maker, though a couple of dozen or so other cars have the same sized wheels is, I suppose, beyond the realms of fancy. But, there, I suppose business is business, and the replacing of parts is more profitable than the selling of the wholes, to judge by old man Ford's ideas. Which would rather upset the ancient Euclid it he popped back to earth again. OLD HY.



H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY

At Birmingham to open the Scenic Fair. Lanchester cars were used for the occasion, and Princess Mary is seen seated in the Lord Mayor's 38 h.p. 6-cylinder Lanchester Landaulet



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